

SCREENLAND

February

**NEW YEAR
Predictions by
NORVELL!**

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**Ginger
Rogers**

**Girls John Payne
Leaves Behind Him!
Full Photos in Full Color**

**"COMMANDOS
STRIKE AT DAWN"
Thrilling Fictionization!**

Try this Bride's Beauty Secret...

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

HER thrilling story may soon be yours! First, a lovelier complexion! Then, friendly compliments... admiring glances saying you are oh-so-lovely!

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet is just wonderful," says this beautiful bride, Mrs. Gover. "It has done so much for my complexion that now friends even ask for my beauty secret."

Proved Milder by Actual Tests!

The Camay Mild-Soap Diet can make a thrilling difference! For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your skin, as so many women do. Or you may be using a soap that isn't as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap! And Camay is not just *mild*—it's *milder*—actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight."

From the very first treatment you'll notice how fresh it makes your skin feel—how much more *alive*! Be faithful—and in a few short weeks, new loveliness may make pretty compliments an everyday occurrence in your life!



GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water, then thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. *Regular* cleansing reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.

This lovely bride, Mrs. J. D. Gover of Stream, N. Y., says: "I'd been on the Camay Soap Diet only a short time when friends compliment me and beg for my beauty secret."



FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

Trade-Mark
U. S. Pat.

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guys a chance—”**



**TO MAKE SURE HE GROWS UP
TO BE A FREE MAN**

BUY WAR BONDS

Every Movie Theatre is at your service!

*War Activities Committee, Motion Picture Industry,
in cooperation with Treasury War Savings Staff*

Photo by Georgia Avery



"Beauty lies within your Eyes
when you use
Maybelline
mascara
eyebrow pencil
eye shadow

4 easy ways to invite COLDS and SORE THROAT

Get in the way of a sneeze!



A sneeze travels at the rate of 2 miles a minute and is loaded with bacteria. It may carry certain bacteria, often called "secondary invaders," definitely associated with colds and sore throat and sometimes activated by an infective virus. After such an exposure it's a good idea to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. It may avert trouble for you because it fights "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces.

O-o-o-h that kiss!



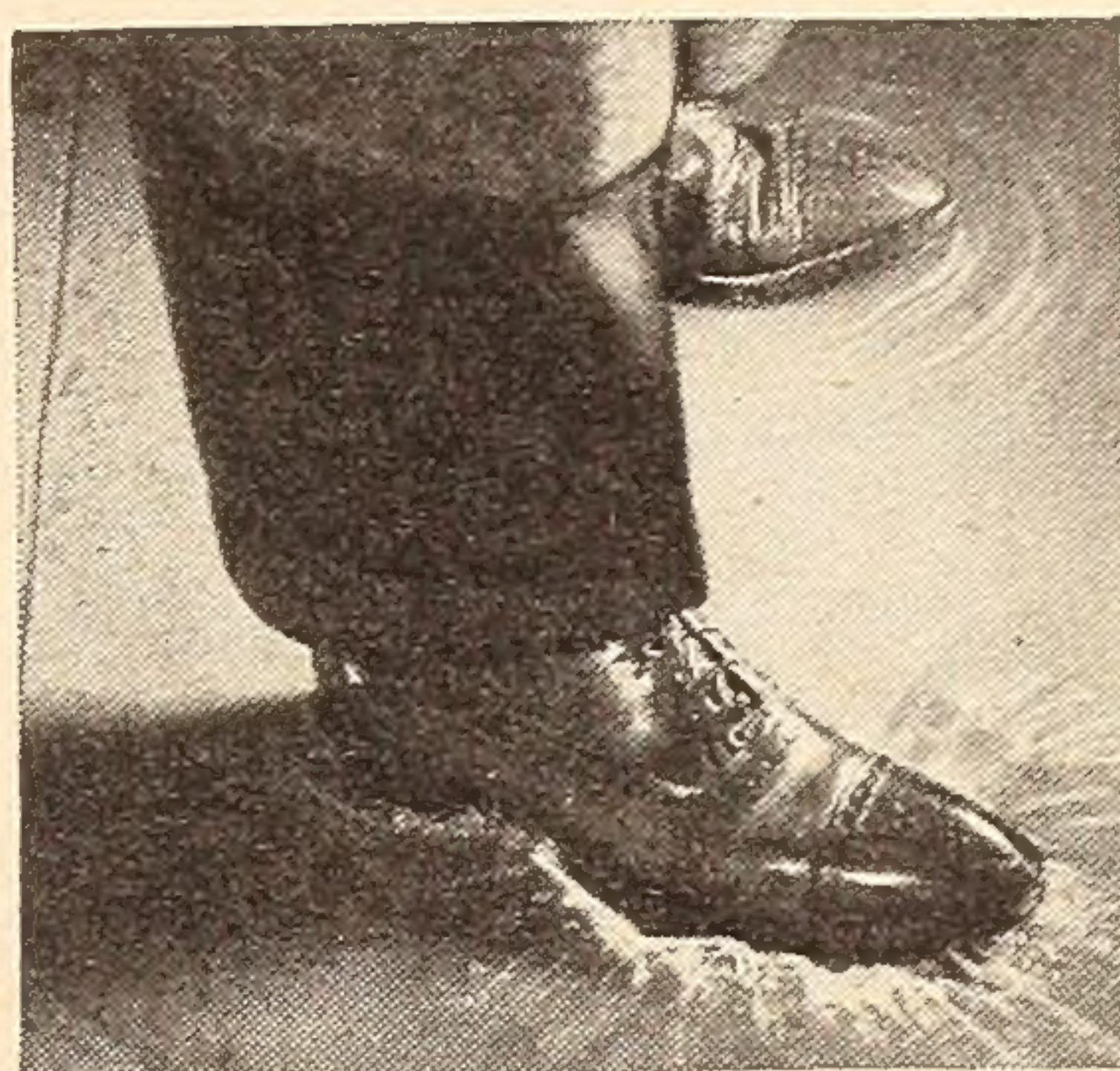
Perhaps exceeding the sneeze and the cough as a means of exposing yourself to the risk of a cold is the kiss. There is direct contact indeed, and complicating bacteria are often quick to take advantage of it. If you are smart you will avoid *all* contacts, direct or indirect, with those suffering from colds. But if they are unavoidable . . . remember Listerine—it may help to ward off a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

Ignore drafts



If you are in tip-top health, maybe you can afford to ignore drafts, but millions of people can't. Drafts produce unequal chilling and can, therefore, weaken body resistance. Germs on throat surfaces, known as the "secondary invaders," may seize this opportunity to invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection, which you recognize as symptoms of a cold.

Laugh off wet feet



Better not try to laugh off wet or cold feet. They are definitely considered by many to be contributing factors in colds and simple sore throat for the same reason that drafts, fatigue, and temperature changes are. They can lower resistance. Make an effort to dry and warm your feet as soon as possible, and follow with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM—Gargle Listerine

This delightful, safe precaution, taken early and often, may head off a cold or lessen its severity once it has developed.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces, kills millions of the "secondary invaders" before they invade the tissue.

The "secondary invaders" are the very germs that many nose and throat specialists declare to be the cause of a cold's troublesome aspects.

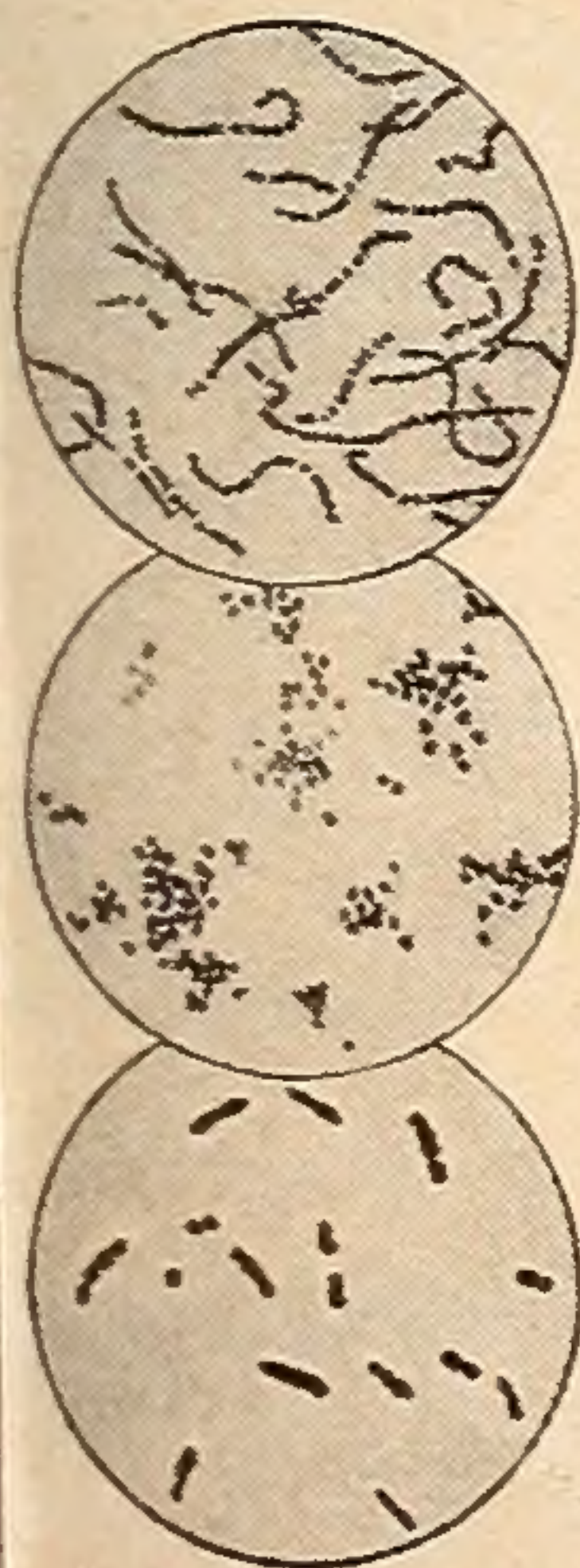
This quick, germ-killing action, we

believe, explains Listerine's impressive record over the years of combatting colds. Tests over a period of 11 years showed these results:

Fewer colds and fewer sore throats for those who gargled Listerine twice a day. And not only that—Listerine users usually had milder colds and got over them quicker than non-users.

So, remember, at the first symptom of a cold or simple sore throat, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

Trouble-makers



To the left are types of the "secondary invaders" mentioned previously. They may live by millions on mouth and throat surfaces, apparently doing no harm until body resistance is lowered. Then they may strike with quick ferocity, invading the tissue . . . setting up or aggravating infection . . . causing some of the most troublesome aspects of a cold—unless combatted.

Note how Listerine gargle reduced germs



BEFORE



AFTER

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.





Spencer
TRACY • Katharine
HEPBURN

Deep in your heart, seared in your soul you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved movie memory. Two great stars brilliant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited now—more exciting together than ever.

Keeper of the Flame

with

RICHARD WHORF • MARGARET WYCHERLY • FRANK CRAVEN
FORREST TUCKER • HORACE McNALLY • PERCY KILBRIDE

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART • Based Upon the Book by I. A. R. WYLIE • Directed
by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE • Associate Producer LEON GORDON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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Natural Color Portrait of GINGER ROGERS, co-starring with Cary Grant in RKO-Radio's "Once Upon A Honeymoon"

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures."

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cargo of Innocence".



Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".



How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Lea





IT'S probably her sense of humor, but Lana Turner doesn't smile when she says it. Every time a reporter comes on her set, after saying hello, before the question is ever put to her, Lana answers, "No, Steve and I are *not* divorcing."

KNOWING that Ginger Rogers doesn't allow herself any serious romance, Hollywood was prone to take the Phil Reed thing with a good grain of salt. Then Ginger and Phil showed up at the Yucca Loma Ranch in Victorville. Their weekend at the desert certainly looked exciting—especially to the rest of the guests. We'll keep you posted on *this* one.

BILL HOLDEN'S hurried letters to Brenda Marshall rave over Clark Gable. According to Bill, Clark is tremendously popular with all the men in Officers' Training School. When Bill went in, not only did Clark (who had never met him) seek him out, but he gave him wonderful advice and helpful suggestions. They say that Clark looks fine, but much thinner. Yes, that second lieutenant's gold bar that Gable is wearing was earned the hard way.

LAIRD CREGAR, suffering from a bad cold, received an unsigned telegram the other day. "Chin up," it read. "All three of them."

HOT from Hollywood

Jackie Cooper, who was supposed to be Bonita Granville's one and only, has been dating lovely Linda Darnell. Picture at top of page shows them at The Players' Club. Right, Charles Boyer is explaining the script to Helen Mack at a rehearsal of their recent radio broadcast.



NOW that Cary Grant has joined Uncle Sam's forces, what will happen to the movie careers of Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur and Irene Dunne? All their best pictures have been made with Cary. There is no doubt that his presence has contributed a great deal toward making them the stars they are today. There is no one to take Cary's place. And don't the girls know it!

AT LONG last George Brent is finally set. He definitely goes into the Coast Guard. Unless he has a great change of heart, you've seen the last of George on the screen. After twenty years of wearing grease paint, George says he is going to direct. When the war is won, of course. He'll probably get his chance right on his own home lot. Wouldn't it be somethin' if he'd wind up directing Annie Sheridan! It could happen in Hollywood.



Ray Noble leans an attentive ear while Edward Arnold whispers to his vocalist, Dale Evans, above. Arnold was guest-star on radio show featuring Noble's band.

ALL'S well that ends well. Jean Parker got a call from Doug Dawson, her estranged husband. He was being shipped away. Destination unknown. Could he drop around and tell Jean goodbye? Indeed he could, said Jean. And before the goodbyes were said, they had kissed and made up. These two are really in love. So it's nice they stopped being foolish. Jean thinks so, too.

WONDER if it's true that Rita Hayworth has rented a beach place, to be closer to Victor Mature? She hasn't had a date with another man since she met Vic. Uncle Sam may keep them apart. Columbia may try to. But the love birds still see each other on every furlough.

HOLLYWOOD short, short story. From a local movie column: "John Loder will pop the question to Phyllis Pablos." From John Loder: (quote) "Who is Phyllis Pablos?" Unquote. Also the end.

VERY quietly but definitely, George Montgomery is setting out to woo Hedy Lamarr all over again. He's already had two dates with her. This time George is listening to his own heart and following his own head. He was badly advised before and he was too young in Hollywood experience to know better. Hedy isn't giving in easily—but she isn't fighting too hard.



ALAN LADD

...The hottest
guy in
pictures!

BY

Roberta Gilman



HE'S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!

His eyes seem to pierce you, go right through you like two icicles. Sometimes he smiles, but it's not a gay smile—it's cold just like he is. And yet, there's something about him that is tremendously attractive to all of us girls.

It was a little over six months ago that Alan Ladd burst upon the cinema scene. It was in a picture called "This Gun for Hire" and his name was listed far down on the billing sheet. But when the critics and the public saw the picture there was only one thing they talked about—**ALAN LADD!** "He's different," they said, "He's unlike any other star."

So the Paramount studio executives realized that they really had something in this lad Ladd and gave him a starring picture all his own—"LUCKY JORDAN"—and you'll be able to see it at your neighborhood theatre shortly.

In "LUCKY JORDAN," Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees "LUCKY JORDAN" Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!

ALAN LADD in "LUCKY JORDAN"

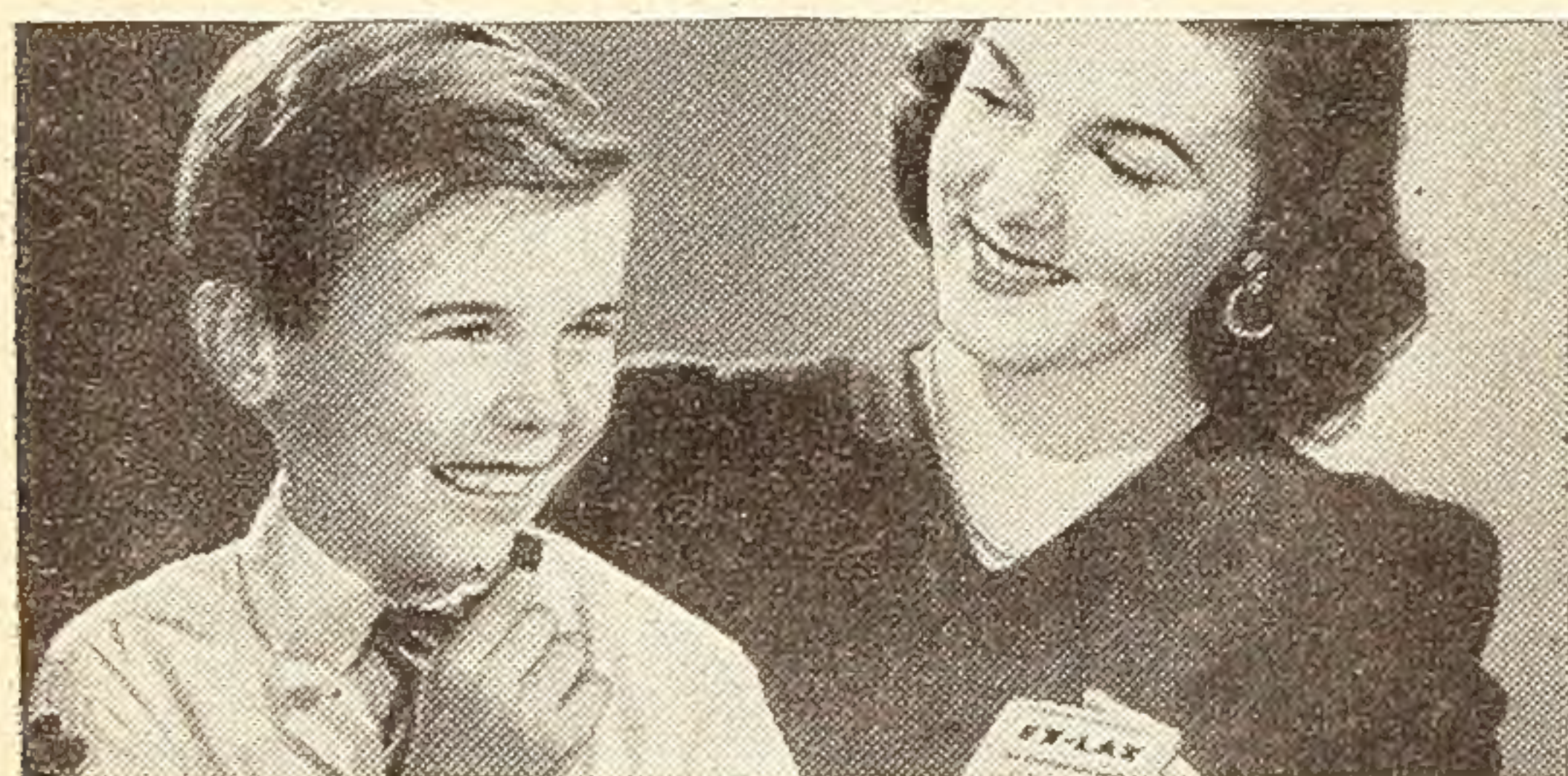
A Paramount Picture with HELEN WALKER • Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard • Marie McDonald • Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong*!

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only stirred him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild*!



IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild . . . it's *just right*!

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE —

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX

10c and 25c at all drug stores

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INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By
Betty Boone



Joan Leslie, who knows how to combine her parties and patriotic duties, gives a Washington's Birthday party

NO ONE has much time for purely social affairs these war days, but Joan Leslie and her friends have learned to combine parties with patriotic tasks. When they meet to knit for sailors, make kits for soldiers, roll bandages, practice first-aid, or sew for refugees, they sometimes preface the work with a luncheon or wind up with a buffet supper.

Washington's Birthday is a grand excuse for a really gala table. Any girl can make the cherry tree Joan uses as a centerpiece, and the tiny red hatchets that serve as favors. Joan's tree is a small branch of acacia with candied cherries wired on the twigs, but you can use any kind of tree. If there are no leafed branches around, spray the tree with green or silver paint before attaching the cherries.

Joan set her cherry tree in a white pot, and striped the pot with red and blue ribbon. The hatchets were cut from heavy red paper and "sharpened" with gilt paint. Candle-holders were made of red, white and



blue tissue-paper, and the paper napkins are also in patriotic colors. Joan's favors include tiny drums filled with candy and nuts, small tasseled horns and paper hats.

In line with the patriotic theme, Joan's dessert consists of an elaborate cherry cake and cherry dessert, the latter made in three colors, one using red cherry juice, one blue coloring, and one plain unflavored Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

CHERRY DESSERT

(Serves 6)

1 envelope plain unflavored Knox Sparkling Gelatine

¼ cup cold water
 1 cup hot water
 ¼ cup lemon juice
 ¼ cup honey or 1/3 cup Karo light corn syrup
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1½ cups canned cherries

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add lemon juice, sugar (or other sweetening) and salt. Stir well. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in cherries. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed out in cold water, and chill.

"We are so weight-conscious at our house that we seldom use our full sugar ration," Joan told me. "That's why we have enough sugar on hand to serve a cake this size. Of course, I don't dare eat more than a sample, but my sister's friends are all in the service and can be depended on to finish any cake."

The cake is frosted in white, trimmed in red and blue icing, with a big spray of candied cherries and a patriotic design on top.

WHITE CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 ½ cup Crisco
 1 cup sugar
 2/3 cup milk
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together. Add flour, alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites quickly. Bake in two greased layer pans in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

The secret of good cake making, according to Ivy, the Brodells' (that's Joan's real name) cook, is to be sure to sift your flour three times to make it light, and don't beat your mixture too much; just put it together lightly, the less you handle it the better.

An excellent frosting can be made by using ½ cup of Vermont Maid syrup to 2 cups confectioner's sugar, 3 tablespoons butter and a dash of salt. However, if your sugar-bowl isn't in the same happy state as Joan's, you can use a filling of cherry jam between layers of the cake, dust top with sugar and trim with a spray of candied fruit.

"We don't serve meat at our luncheons," Joan pointed out. "I am having chicken noodle soup—the new Campbell kind with plenty of chicken in it; hot rolls for those who aren't reducing, and Ry-krisp for those who are, Honolulu salad, and the cake and dessert. Milk, too."

HONOLULU SALAD

Mix 2 cups canned pineapple, diced, with 1 cup peeled and chopped white celery, 1 chopped pimienta, 1 chopped green pepper, 1 cup broken walnut meats, and a cup of diced tart apple, and ½ cup French dressing.

Serve on lettuce-covered plates and garnish with ripe olives.

Other meatless luncheons served at the Brodells' consist of Crab Flakes Creole with Palmdale Salad, or Normandy Salad with Sultana Rolls. Ivy is famous for her corn bread and peach cobbler, both of which may be served with the Normandy Salad.

CRAB FLAKES CREOLE

Heat in sauté pan 4 tablespoons olive oil, add 2 finely chopped onions and 1 finely shredded green pepper; fry until onions are light golden color; drain off oil, add 1 crushed clove of garlic, and 3 sliced Heinz canned mushrooms; cook 2 minutes and add 2 peeled and chopped tomatoes or 1 cup thick Heinz canned tomatoes, 4 tablespoons

(Please turn to page 13)

WARNER BROS.

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Miracle!



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in the story of that
great entertainer and great American

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with

JOAN LESLIE WALTER HUSTON
RICHARD WHORF

JEANNE CAGNEY FRANCES LANGFORD GEO. TOBIAS IRENE MANNING

Screen Play by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph
Original Story by Robert Buckner

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

Lyrics and Music by

GEORGE M.

COHAN

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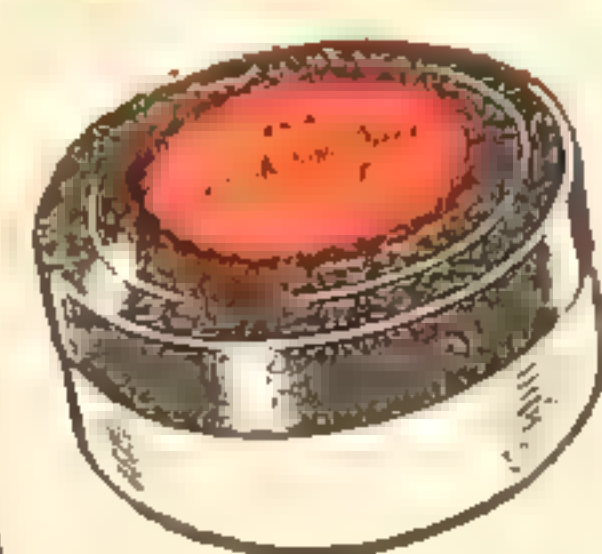


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MINER'S

Masters Of Make-Up Since 1864



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY

Delight Evans



RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M

Another James Hilton book becomes a memorable motion picture. Greer Garson and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the shell-shocked soldier whom she befriends—only to lose him when he suffers loss of memory. How she wins him back to realization of their romantic past makes a great love story. Superbly directed by Mervyn LeRoy, exquisitely acted by the stars and by Susan Peters, brilliant newcomer, "Random Harvest" ranks with "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.



ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio

Of course you won't want to miss this! Ginger Rogers teamed for the first time with Cary Grant, and both giving grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man and radio analyst who opens her eyes to political pitfalls. Between them they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupid. Witty, original dialogue, spirited direction, and scintillating portrayals by the co-stars and Walter Slezak as the baron, make this outstanding entertainment.



CASABLANCA—Warners

With a front page title, an exciting spy plot, and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays a café proprietor in French Morocco who under the guise of cold indifference helps refugees to escape from the Nazis. When a girl he had loved and lost turns up with her husband, the Gestapo on their trail, he risks all to arrange their escape. It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best, and beautiful Ingrid Bergman as the girl. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Sidney Greenstreet are fine.



IN WHICH WE SERVE—United Artists

Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Noel Coward—records the exploits of a British destroyer, *Torrin*, and her heroic crew in the historic battle off Crete. When a bomb sinks the ship and the Captain (Mr. Coward) and a few survivors face death as they cling to a raft, their thoughts of home and womenfolk unfold in dramatic flashbacks. Tremendously moving, "In Which We Serve" is truly an inspired epic. Mr. Coward and his fellow players are superb. See our Honor Page for further details.



JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M

W. L. White's best-selling book about the two little British blitz victims has been fashioned into a fine, if weepy film. You'll lose your heart to *Margaret* and *Peter*, war orphans taken in tow by a sympathetic American correspondent. The newspaperman's valiant efforts to bring both children back to America with him provide scenes of powerful appeal, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's amazing emotional outburst. Robert Young gives his best performance—but Margaret, and Billy Severn as *Peter*, are the real stars.



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THE SCREEN'S MOST THRILLING LOVE STORY!

RADIO'S MOST ROMANTIC SINGER!

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!

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DENNIS DAY

WITH THE POWERS LONG-STEMMED AMERICAN BEAUTIES
ALAN MOWBRAY

5 BIG SONGS!
"Partners" "Three Dreams"
"Out Of This World"
"The Lady Who Didn't Believe In Love"
"We're Looking for the Big Bad Wolf"

Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segall
Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Malvin Wald

Produced by Charles R. Rogers • Directed by Norman Z. McLeod

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MOST**

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A blonde bomb shell on twinkling skates! Tops among figure skaters!

ELLEN DREW

**RICHARD
DENNING**

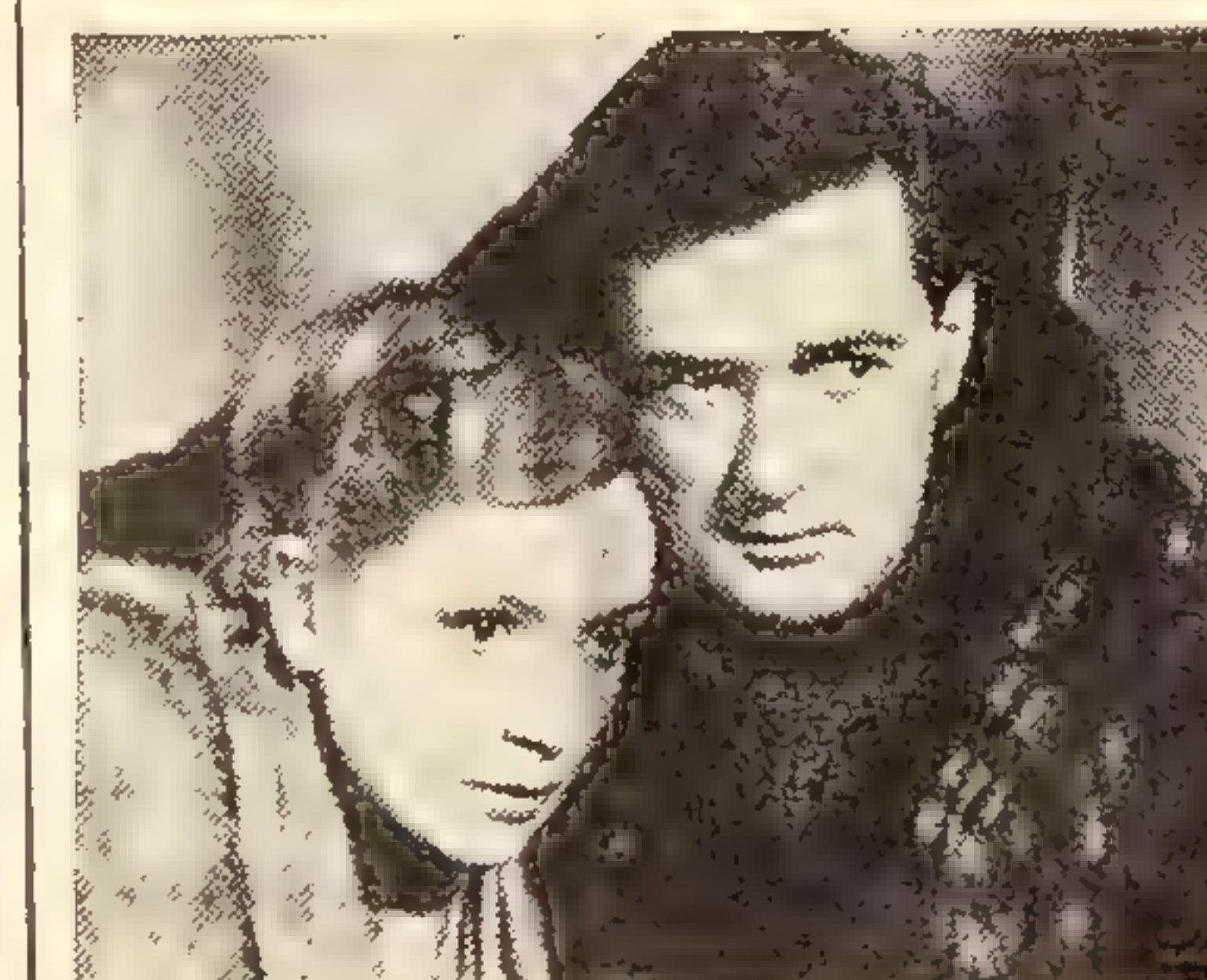
**Ice Capades
Revue**

with Jerry Colonna,
Barbara Jo Allen
(Vera Vague), Harold
Huber, Marilyn Hare,
Bill Shirley

Featuring The
Ice-Capades Company
with Internationally Famous
Skating Stars
including Vera Hrubá,
Megan Taylor, Lois
Dworshak, Donna
Atwood

**BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount

Gayest, most spontaneous movie fun of the month! It's one long, hearty laugh from the time Mary Martin and Betty Hutton from Broadway arrive on a Caribbean isle and meet up with Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken as beachcombers. Mary's fortune-hunt for Rudy Vallee and Betty's frank pursuit of reluctant Bracken lead to hilarious situations, accompanied by smart new songs delightfully sung. The team of Hutton and Bracken is sure-fire for explosive comedy, and Rudy Vallee is a revelation in a character rôle. Be sure to see this one

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount

Alan Ladd is featured in this exciting film which deal with the regeneration of a gangster chief who desert when he can't buy his way out of the Army, and find his pals doing business with Nazis. He is tempted to deal with the spies, but turns them over to the FBI instead, and returns to the Army when their brutality plus his love for a pretty canteen worker (Helen Walker) and his "adopted" mother, help arouse his dormant patriotism. Ladd is a convincing, smooth performer as the racketeer. Good supporting cast. Has suspense

ONE OF OUR AIR CRAFT IS MISSING—Korda-U.S.

This outstanding English-made film of this war, based on facts, tells the thrilling story of the members of an English bomber crew, forced to abandon ship and bail out over Holland after a raid on Germany. It depicts the courageous lengths to which the indomitable friendly Dutch people have gone to assist these men in their hair-raising escapes to England. Eric Portman, Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles, first as the air men; Pamela Brown, good as a Dutch woman who helps. Realistic, convincing. Don't miss this

NIGHTMARE—Universal

A mystery thriller about an American gambler (Brian Donlevy) in London, who is bombed out of business. When he tries to steal food in the home of a British girl (Diana Barrymore) he gets involved in a murder and becomes tangled up with Nazi spies. Donlevy capably handles the rôle of the gambler who helps Diana hide her husband's murdered body. She didn't do it, but we won't reveal the killer so as not to spoil suspense. Diana's performance, while good, might have been better if she had been less wooden. A real film chiller.

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount

A baffling mystery melodrama about a man who accused of a murder committed during the time he was a victim of amnesia. Burgess Meredith gives a splendid performance as *Frank Thompson*, who is horrified to learn he is a hunted man, after he is hit by falling masonry and his memory is restored. He retraces his steps during time of his lapse of memory and finds his sweetheart of his amnesia days, played by Claire Trevor, is guilty of the crime. This simply told tale is packed with suspense. Sheldon Leonard is in charge.

ICE CAPADES REVUE—Republic

Republic's ice revue features Ellen Drew and Richard Denning as the lovers; Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) and Jerry Colonna as the film's funsters; and the internationally famous skating stars of the "Ice Capades" troupe in dazzling skating performances. Vera Hrubá, the beautiful blonde skater, does some graceful solo numbers on ice. Lois Dworshak's little skates just about melt the ice when she does her jitterbug number. The story concerns an almost bankrupt ice-skating show which is turned into a huge success.

THE AVENGERS—Paramount

This is based on the Commando raids in Norway. Newsreel shots of actual raids heighten the interest in the tale, which recounts the adventures of an English journalist, who is parachuted in the vicinity of a camouflaged enemy sub base to try and locate its exact position, so the RAF can bomb it out of existence. It has the makings of a good movie, but its slow pace and poor recording (the fault of most English-made films) keep it from being a first-rate war document. Hugh Williams, Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr, head cast.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

water; simmer slowly for 15 minutes; 2 cups cooked crab meat, heat, season with salt and paprika and serve on a plate garnished with steamed rice.

PALMDALE SALAD

Peel, core and cut in halves lengthwise seven sized pears and drop in cold water to which has been added 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix 1 cup chopped celery with 5 tablespoons chopped walnut meats, 1 tablespoon chili sauce, 1 chopped pimiento and 2 tablespoons French dressing. Lay a half pear on bed of shredded lettuce on a cold plate, fill core with mixture, cover with French mayonnaise (Hellman's) and sprinkle with finely chopped pimiento and nut meats.

NORMANDY SALAD

Cook 4 cups small shelled green peas with 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika and enough water to cover, until tender; drain and cool. Place cold peas in a bowl and mix with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups broken walnut meats and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing; stand 30 minutes, drain off all liquid, and on lettuce-covered plates, cover with Hellman's mayonnaise and garnish with fresh roses.

SULTANA ROLLS

Sift 3 cups sifted flour with 6 level teaspoons Royal baking powder and 1 level teaspoon salt into a bowl; chop in $4\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoons Crisco and when mixed add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups seedless raisins and work to smooth dough with 1 cup milk.

Roll out on a floured board 1 inch thick, in 2-inch squares, place 1 inch apart on greased baking pan, brush with melted butter and bake in moderate oven.

CORN BREAD

1 cup cornmeal
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Sift these dry ingredients, mix with sufficient milk to moisten, add 1 egg, beaten; mix mixture to 3 tablespoons Crisco, mix lightly, put in pan and bake 15 minutes.

For Ivy's famous peach cobbler, use fresh or frozen peaches. Ivy makes pie-crust, which she rolls out in a wide square. She puts in a layer of peaches, dots of butter, a little sugar and nutmeg; she folds the crust over this, adds another layer of peaches, butter, sugar and nutmeg, and puts a top crust over that.

When Joan and her girl friends get together, their hands are usually occupied with varieties of war work, but their tongues clatter along at will. They discuss movies and movie actors, they settle their quarrels and the peace, argue about the kind of education needed today, and tear their cheeks apart after the age-old habit.

Listening in to one of these parties, I heard one non-picture-wise lassie lament her disillusionment with a prominent and popular male star. "He has such skinny arms!" she wailed, after glimpsing him in a swimming-pool. Another thought that all congressmen should be sent to the front and their places taken by the brightest women from each community, for the duration.

Diets seemed to take up much time in the discussions. Joan planned a non-fattening meal for a coming buffet supper.

"Fruit salad, coffee and a special meat loaf," she decided, "with Ry-krisp and wholewheat toast. Ivy's meat loaf is made with lean pork and beef, ground up together, and mixed with chopped carrots, (Please turn to page 87)

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

SOcial get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl

who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours *to come*! Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.



Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Mum takes only half a minute!



Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay* dainty, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.



With Halo Shampoo, hair never gets clouded with dull, dingy soap-film

GLORIOUS natural beauty for your hair! All its radiant luster revealed! That's what your very first Halo shampoo will give you!

All soaps, even the finest, leave dingy soap-film. But Halo contains no soap, cannot leave soap-film.

Even in hard water, Halo lathers abundantly, rinses away completely, leaves your hair shimmering bright with no lemon or vinegar rinse. A new-type, patented ingredient in Halo creates oceans of billowing, fragrant lather that rinses away like magic, carrying with it dust and loose dandruff. Your hair dries softly manageable, easy to curl, brilliant with high lights!

Get Halo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR



DREAM DROPS

Attract—be irresistible—with the fascination of this tempting perfume. One drop surrounds you with a glamorous allure . . . and lingers for hours like memories of an adoring caress. Full size bottle 98c prepaid or \$1.32 C.O.D. Directions free. One bottle FREE if two are ordered.

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To Be Set to Music
★Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.
★FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

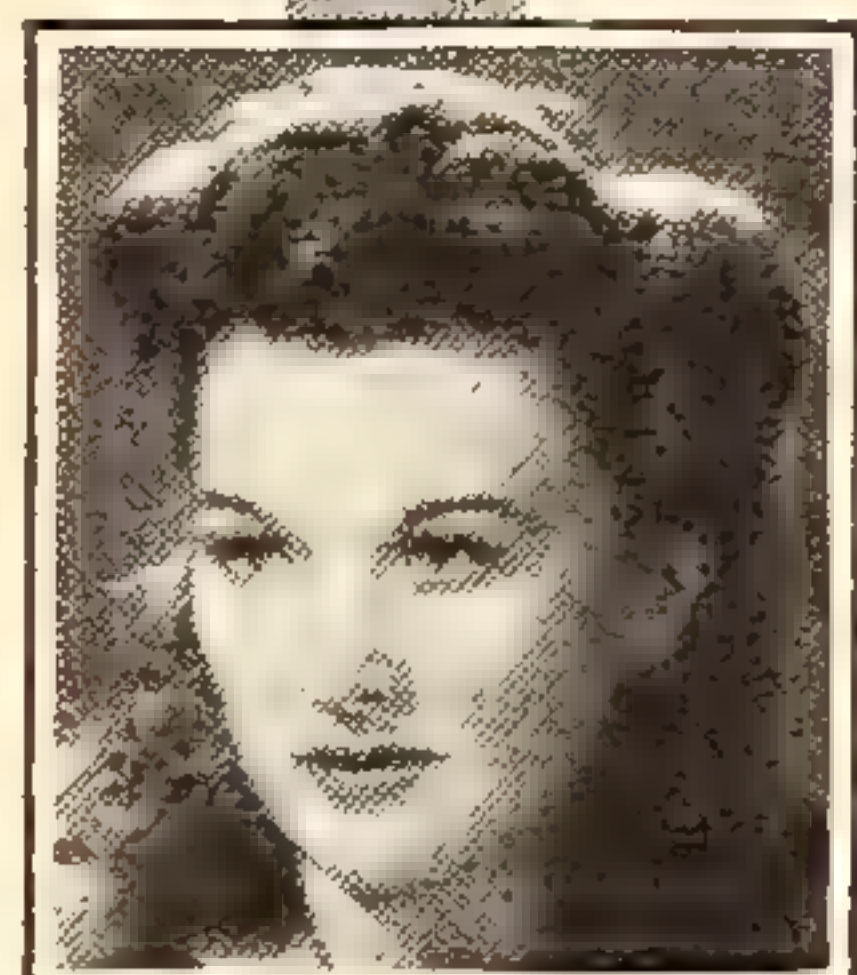
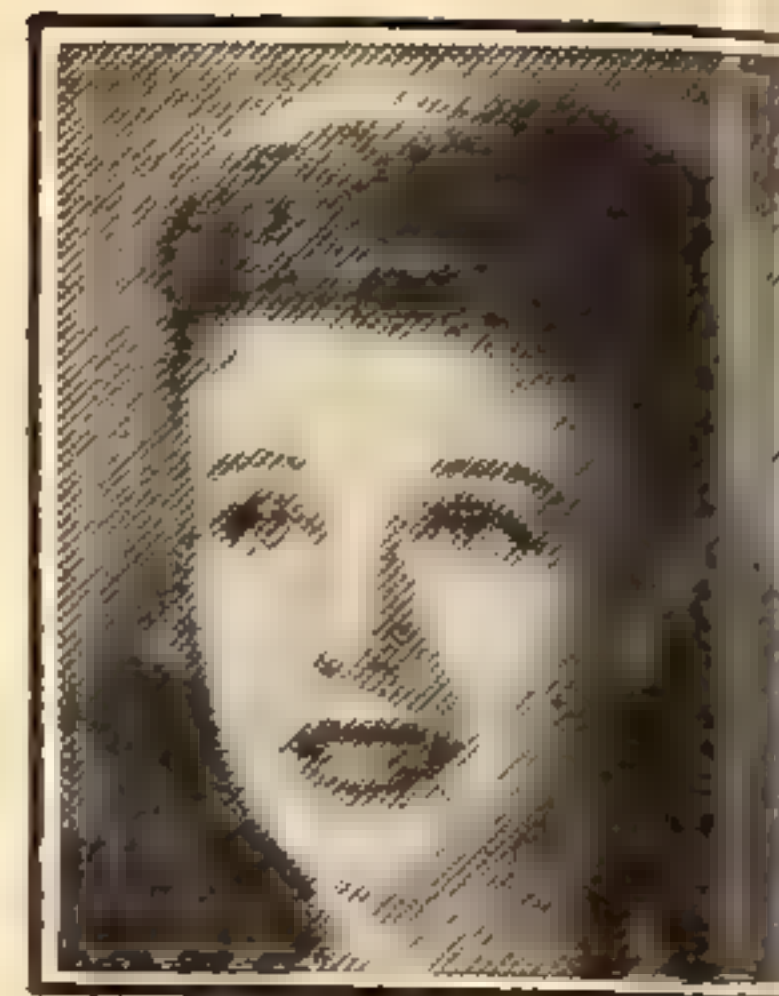
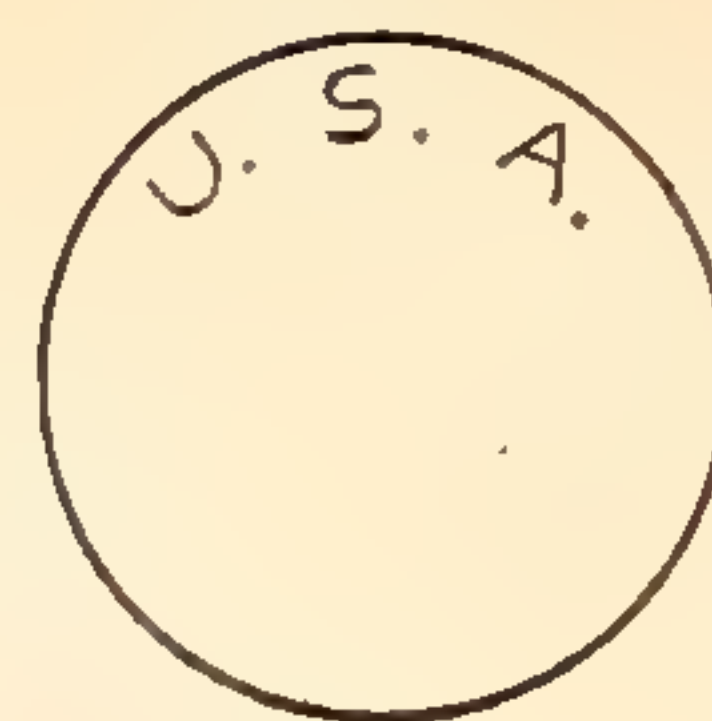
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Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

Whenever I see a movie, I can't help experiencing the urge to shout in joyful thanksgiving. Every American film, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is a living and pulsating symbol of Freedom.

Can you imagine a Nazi version of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," a picture possibly entitled, "Herr Schmidt Goes to Berlin"? It certainly takes a gigantic stretch of the imagination to visualize a movie that would parody Nazi leaders and Hitlerian politics. Nazi big-wigs kidded, even good-naturedly? Impossible! If such a thing occurred—and you and I know how remote this possibility is!—countless lives would inevitably pay for it.

A screen musical like "This Is the Army" or "You'll Never Get Rich" would also be impossible in Nazi Germany. Imagine pickle-puss Schicklgruber, little Joe Goebbels, and fat Goering being jokingly enacted on the Reich screen! But perhaps it is better this way; the unholy three are definitely louder and funnier "as is"!

Yes, we Americans can be thankful that we live where we can see the movies we want, when we want them. We can also be justly grateful that our intellects aren't stunted and perverted by the poison of Goebbels' propaganda. We can also be thankful that our youngsters have Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, instead of screen lessons in beastiality.

Thank God for America—and for the privilege of seeing American motion pictures!

MRS. PAULINE SALTZMAN,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

I wish to tell you how we soldier boys feel about the movies and players. First, we would like to see Ginger Rogers make more pictures with Fred Astaire. She's really tops!

We would also like to see more films like "Pride of the Yankees," "Gentleman Jim," and "The Black Swan." Give us another powerful drama like "Now, Voyager," and why not revive "Stella Dallas," "The Awful Truth," and "Show Boat"? We want to see Greer Garson win the Academy Award for "Mrs. Miniver," and would like Joan Crawford to do another film similar to "A Woman's Face." Bring Greta Garbo back in a tragedy-drama as of old. And, please, SCREENLAND, if you have any influence we would like to see poor Lee Bow-



Write A Letter For Freedom!

This issue's first prize winner says "Can you imagine a Nazi version 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington' . . . a movie that would parody Nazi leaders"? The writer is right—it could never happen on the Reich screen, but here in America we can make and see the films we like. That's America! Freedom! Help preserve it by buying War Bonds. By writing a letter to the Forum voicing your opinion about the movies and its stars, you can win one of the War Savings Stamps prizes. Start you on your next Bond purchase. Prizes: first, \$10.00; second, \$5.00 and five prizes of \$1.00 each, all payable in War Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 205 East 42 St., New York, N. Y.

man win the fair lady's hand once while; and maybe you can give us color pictures of Jon Hall and Doris Lamour in a future issue.

I believe these are the sentiments of a large number of service men, and I am certain if Hollywood heeds these suggestions, it can keep America happy and satisfied till Johnny comes marching home.

PVT. ROBERT C. FRENCH,
Lowry Field, C.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 EACH

I am hoping that through this letter may nudge the Committee on "Awards" out of their sleep. I have some orchids and thorns to give out, and Tyrone Power for the cause of it all.

Thorns, big, black, sharp ones to the Committee—and I hope they hurt! "Scarlet Fury," "Blood and Sand," "This Affair All"—why, ever so many perfectly good

tures—and not even a mention, sigh, or murmur from them. Why? I have seen "His Above All" six times, and have hopes of seeing it again. Tyrone Power's performance of the troubled English soldier pulls order at my heart-strings each time I see it. In my opinion, Tyrone captivates audiences of every age and sex. Why, can't you just hear "Oscar" crying out to belong to Tyrone? Tyrone Power is an actor! Wake up. Committee, wake up!

And now, beautiful, fluffy orchids to Tyrone Power for his enlistment in the Marine Corps; for his ideal home life (yes, even from us young girls); for his acting ability; and for just being Tyrone Power!

MARGIE DOWDELL, Alhambra, Calif.

Why does Hollywood invariably put radio headliners into B films? Don't the movie men realize these entertainers have a huge and loyal following which resents seeing them kicked around?

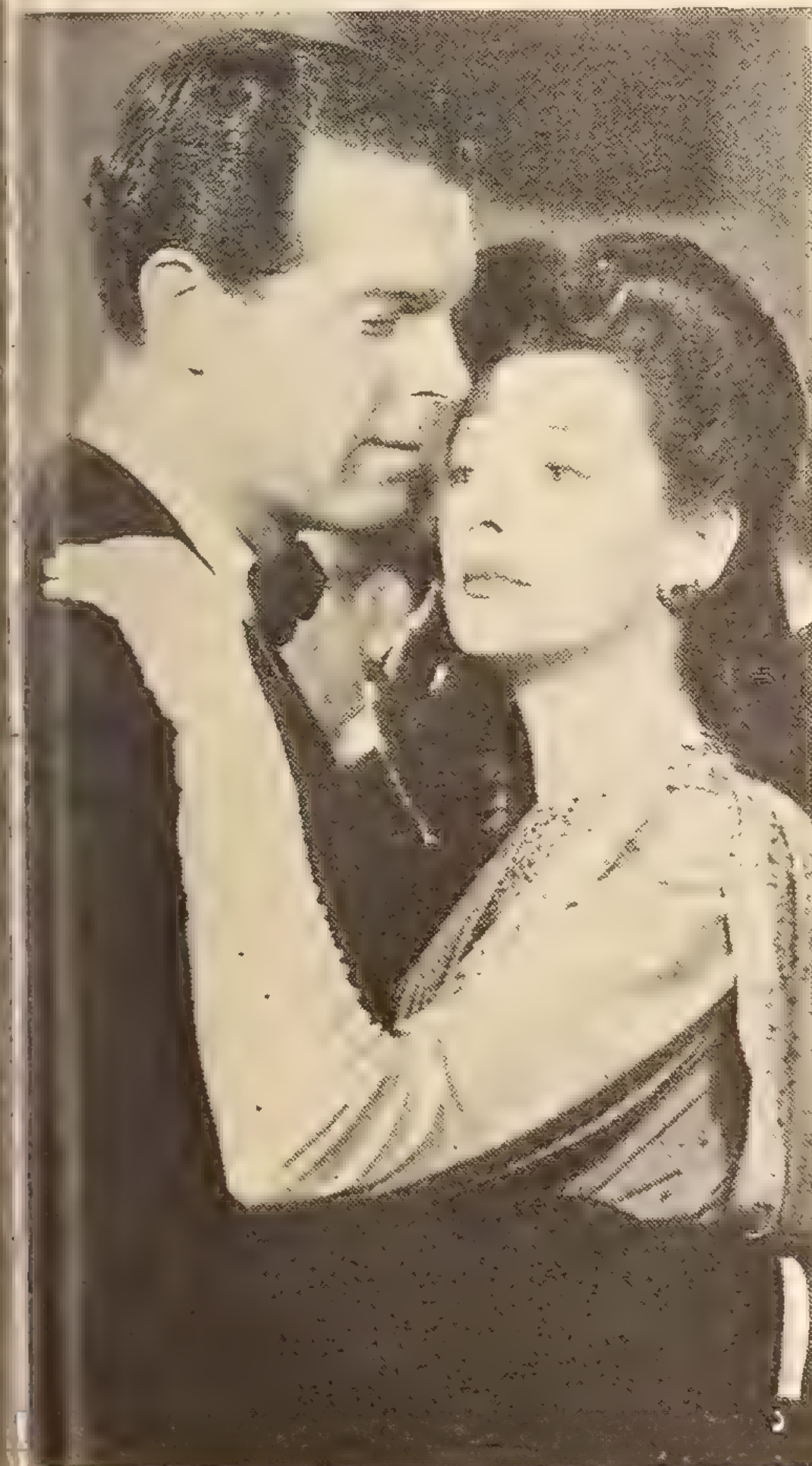
The latest, "Here We Go Again," was an insult to stars and public. The players were their genial, talented selves, but the material they had to work with—!!

"Gildersleeve" is a natural for screen popularity if given half a chance. I'd like to see him featured as an eccentric opera singer, with opportunity for exercising that warm, rich singing voice of his, as well as his inimitable comedy technique. Ginny Simms is a honey, with her sweet and swinging and wholesome beauty. Fibber and Molly would be delightful in folksy small-town domestic comedies. Edgar Bergen could shine in a variety of rôles—with or without Charlie McCarthy. Even hero parts he wore the head-piece!

A star shortage in Hollywood? Why not fill the gap with radio talent? But—give them deserving material!

L. R. CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

After reading SCREENLAND's fans' views on the December issue, I am moved to do a little writing of my own. The first item (Please turn to page 17)



Fred MacMurray takes notice of the far-away look in Rosalind Russell's eyes in this scene from "Flight For Freedom," RKO's production which concerns a brave girl's dangerous flight for the Navy.

Does your One face cream do All these Four things?



I bring your skin
4 aids to beauty in
a single jar of cream!

By *Lady Esther*



Is your skin dry and flaky?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.



Do you have blackheads?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.



Tiny lines around eyes?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.



Do you have big pores?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "war-time job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

Send for your generous tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



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7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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(Government regulations do not permit this offer in C. _____)

Screenland Honor Page



John Mills and Kay Walsh as the young lovers are heartwarming real. All the acting in Coward's fine film is of the highest order, worthy of its inspiring theme.



Noel Coward himself plays the Captain of the destroyer *Torin*, the ship whose fortunes the film follows from the laying of her keel to her sinking in the battle off Crete. The famous star-producer gives a fine and sensitive performance, proving as wise to the ways of the movie camera as to the technique of the theater. The still above shows three of the leading actors, as members of ship's company, in the harrowing scenes following the bombing of H.M.S. *Torin*.

Three rousing cheers to Noel Coward for his magnificent motion picture, "In Which We Serve." As producer, director, author, and star, he stands alone as a one-man marvel of movie entertainment. His film is a tremendously stirring tribute to the gallant men of the British Navy in this war



United Artists Release

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

presented was the one in which a young man referred to Henry Fonda as a "glamor boy." I have heard Mr. Fonda referred to as "homespun Hank" and "homely Hank," but never before have I heard him called "glamor boy." Don't get me wrong. I think he is extremely good-looking and personable, but not glamorous! He is an actor. This is what leads up to my second lament. Another earnest contributor to your column said that John Payne is THE actor of the 20th Century-Fox. That is her opinion, but she is entitled to it, but I'll wait until he has been nominated for the Academy Award for three years in succession before I concede that he is only "as good" an actor as Henry Fonda. You gather that Mr. Fonda is my favorite actor? You're right; he is and has been for over three years.

MARILYN GEIGER, Chicago, Ill.

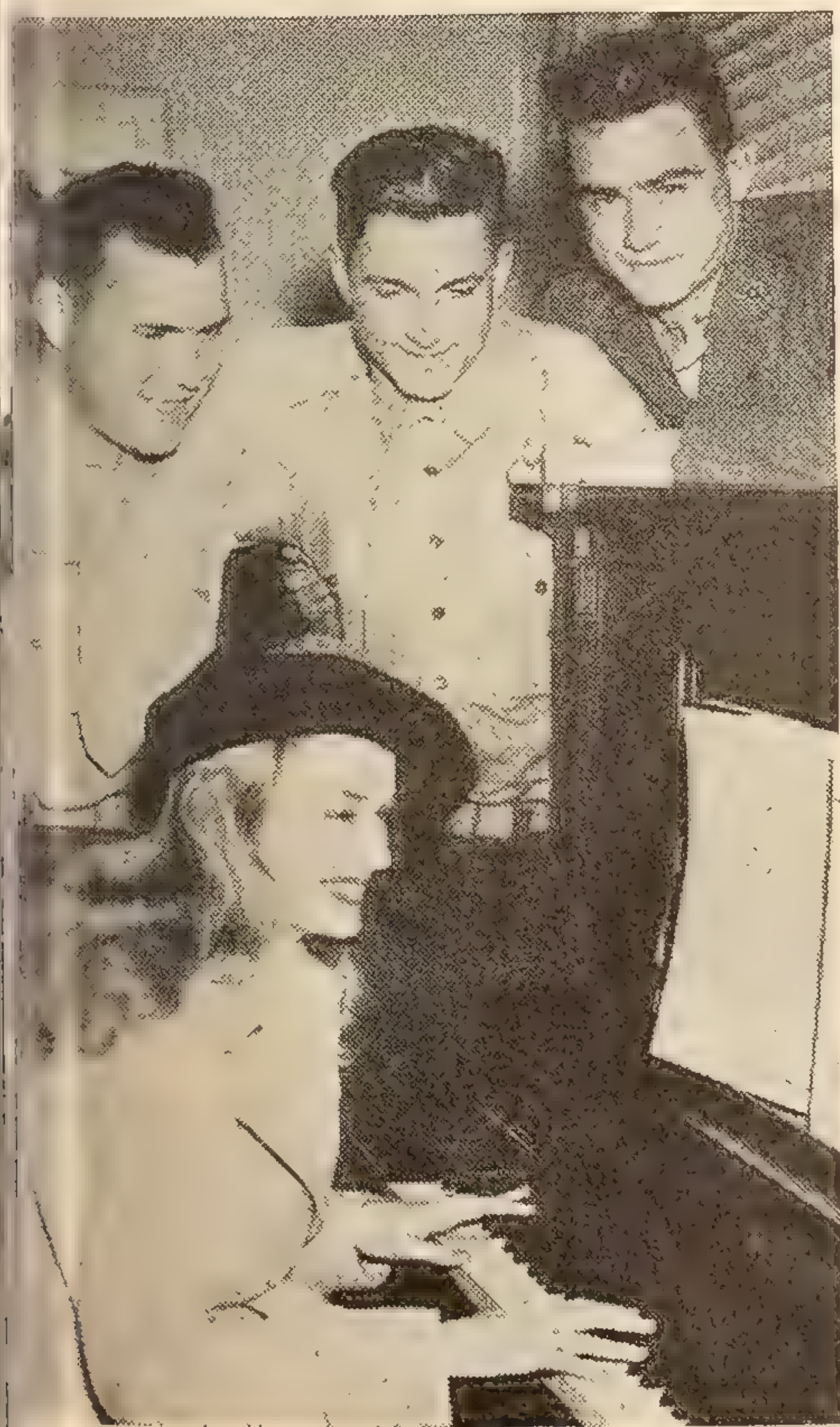
My husband is stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. Lately, his letters sounded low and dispirited and I was rather worried about him. Although he wasn't really far from home, I knew homesickness and the war news were eating away at his interest in life.

Then I heard that Bob Hope and the rest of his troop—Jerry Colonna, Skinny Dins, Vera Vague, and Frances Langford were going to open their broadcasting station from Fort Lewis. I hoped that Bob's colorful jokes and infectious humor would give my husband a new lease on life as he read it did. My husband's next letter was now with heart-warming enthusiasm and great praise of Hope.

I wonder if Bob Hope knows how much good he is actually doing by so generously finishing the entertainment for these army camps?

I know I'll be eternally grateful to this riotous and unselfish comedian for giving my husband the emotional aid I couldn't give him in my letters.

AGNES REHDER, Portland, Ore.



A group of boys who never sang before and they had latent musical talent when Veronica Lake played the piano at the Officers'-Cadets' Club at the Los Angeles Ambassador. Wouldn't you sing out, too?

Here are a few "why nots" that have been milling around in my mind for quite some time:

Why not give Barbara Stanwyck another motion picture in which she can wear lots and lots of suits? She's got that "V" figure that can really take extreme clothes—ummmm, but plain, with lots of "clanky" stuff on her wrists. She could really go for a hair-do that's high on the sides and low in the back, too.

Why not more bar-room scenes for Paulette Goddard, with lots more of those white gowns that really take to her figure? Then how about her getting "hep" to a fiery "mad-on" scene, with that Foster man lurking in the background?

More films like "Moon Over Burma," with Dottie Lamour, but less like "Beyond the Blue Horizon." Somehow, that blond Richard Denning isn't her type. He would look better in tweeds. Then again, who else but Lamour could pull that high-heels-in-the-jungle act? Madeleine Carroll? But no!

Why not take that Lake woman out and drown her? Veronica is one who definitely can't wear extreme hats, with all that hair and such a tiny, little figure. What if a good wind came along?

In future Abbott and Costello pictures, why not let the native girls look less American; the dances less the college type, and put lots more grease on their faces; also, less zingo-zango, bingo-lingo in their songs?

DORIS McDOWELL, St. Cloud, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Well, sir, you could knock me over with a feather! I never thought that I would be sitting here typing out a letter in praise of that publicity cyclone, Victor Mature. But here I am, definitely in my right mind and now firmly established as a Victor Mature fan. Here's how it happened.

The other night my boy friend took me to see "Footlight Serenade." We only went to see it because there wasn't much of a selection on that night and we were fully prepared to be bored stiff by that "beautiful hunk of man." But much to our amazement we enjoyed the film. Not because Betty Grable put on her usual good performance, not because John Payne, as usual, won the girl, but because Victor Mature was actually colossal! He got more laughs than the whole cast put together. He brightened a story that would otherwise have been dull. Why, "the genius" was really good!

I read now that Mature has entered the Coast Guard. Considering past "pep talk" by Victor Mature concerning "Victor Mature," when this war is over he'll probably even voice a few choice words concerning his bringing about the end of the war, but as long as he takes time out from his publicity campaign to put over a few good performances as he did in "Footlight Serenade," we'll probably forgive him.

A. C., Vancouver, Canada

I saw a charming cartoon comedy recently; a delightful mixture of whimsy, humor, audacity, art, burlesque and heart-warming fun. And it was no more than ten minutes long! How refreshingly it finished off a show otherwise verging on the heavy!

It made me sigh that Walt Disney has deserted this field to concentrate on bigger and better things. Back in his Mickey Mouse-Silly Symphony days Disney gave lightness and balance to many a program.

To me the cartoon comedies are to a movie program what dessert is to a dinner—a welcome finishing touch. A feature-length cartoon is like being served an all-dessert meal.

DEE CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

The confidence that comes from knowing!



Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Far too many women still do not know those vital facts which no woman should be denied! Your married happiness, your health and well being may depend on up-to-date knowledge about feminine hygiene.

The trouble is, many women who think they know have only half knowledge . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white, greaseless suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and give continuous medication for hours!

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7210 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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FIGHTING TIGRESS!

Here is fiery romance
amid the flame and violence
of today's mighty conflict!



GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNN BARI

in

CHINA GIRL

with

VICTOR
McLAGLEN

and

ALAN BAXTER • SIG RUMANN
MYRON McCORMICK • BOBBY BLAKE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT

*Captain Fifi—
115 pounds of
curves, crooked-
ness and kisses!*

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

The Editor's Page



James Cagney, above, is just one of many top-flight film stars making personal appearances for good will in aid of the war effort.



World première of M-G-M film, held in Iceland, was a Hollywood salute to our troops, above. Scene below, from "We Refuse to Die,"



An Open Letter to the Movie-Makers

IT IS about time someone wrote *you* a fan letter! Your stars, directors, writers, and cameramen have always received the awards—all the praise and the applause, the medals and the fan mail. Now you men behind the scenes should get a great, big hand. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public may not know you by name; they probably visualize a solemn figure with a Monte Woolley beard, who bosses famous stars around—a mysterious Mr. Hollywood who turns out super-colossal movies as casually as a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat. Well, there's more to it than that. You movie-makers are contributing something to the war effort that no other industry can—inspiration as well as entertainment. Not only the stars on bond-selling personal appearances and camp tours—stars are only the symbol. It's the motion pictures, messengers of democracy, that girdle the globe and maintain morale. The first-run films, rushed to far-flung battle fronts to cheer our men in the service. To them, movies mean the heartening link with home. For the rest of us, the splendid short subjects, released on a non-profit basis, such as "Private Smith of the U. S. A." and "We Refuse to Die," as well as the excellent shorts produced by the government through the Office of War Information and distributed by the industry. The theaters, playing their big part by promoting the sale of War Savings Stamps and Bonds, scrap drives, Red Cross and other campaigns. Hollywood, take a bow. It's a great job you're doing for Victory.

Delight Evans



NEW YEAR Prediction by NORVELL

*Paulette Goddard, left, star of
"The Crystal Ball," United Artists.*



**NORVELL, HOLLYWOOD'S
FAMOUS ASTROLOGER**

Read what the coming year holds for you as well as for your favorite Hollywood stars! Noted astrologer Norvell points out the pitfalls of 1943—and promises a more hopeful future

IN SPITE of wars, earthquakes, and world cataclysms, the heavenly stars continue in their courses and life in Hollywood, as well as in your own home town, still goes on. Loves and marriages, separations and divorces, births and deaths, stop for no man, not even Hitler, and despite the fact that men may have the power of life and death over millions, they have no power over the planetary bodies. We are all children of destiny and no one can corner the market on prosperity, success, and happiness.

What does 1943 hold for YOU? Perhaps the bright comet of success will streak through your own personal horizon this year, while a meteor of tragedy may crash to earth the hopes of those about you. Let us train our mental telescopes on the heavenly stars and pierce the veil of the future to see what 1943 holds for you and for the stars of Hollywood.

Before we go into your own personal predictions for 1943, let us examine the national and international scene. The one big question uppermost in everyone's mind, and

one which will most certainly effect the destiny of your loved ones and yourself, is: "When will the present World War end?"

According to the signs in the heavens the European phase of this war will end by December of 1943 with complete victory for the United States and Britain. However, I do not see the Pacific phase of the war ending that soon. Rather, I predict that it will not be finished until June of 1944. At that time the chart of the United States indicates a great victory over Japan, and the end of the world conflict.

I see no economic disaster in the United States at the end of the war, but rather an era of prosperity for 1943, and for many years to come. Now you may go on and find out your individual destiny on the American scene for 1943.

Predictions for you, as well as your screen favorites, are given here in the twelve signs in the Zodiac. Find the section dealing with your birthdate and read what the



Norvell makes some rather startling predictions for the stars pictured here. Read what the future holds for Jimmy Cagney, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, above; and Gene Tierney, Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair and Lana Turner.



rs predict for you and your loved ones, as well as the movie stars born in OUR sign.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

You were born in the first sign of the Zodiac, ruling the mind and the personality. You are generally more fortunate in work dealing with the public, and dom like office routine, facts and figures. New opportunities present themselves during the months of January and February of 1943. These will probably in business and finances. You now emerge from a three-year cycle of affliction, d will have three years of prosperity. A change in the home environment is own in April or May, and romance or marriage should materialize before the d of this year. Choose one born in the signs of Leo, Sagittarius, Taurus, or quarius for lasting happiness in love or marriage.

Great attention must be paid to the health during the year ahead, as you are gh-strung, nervous and subject to disturbances to the head and stomach. Your d letter month of the year is June, and there should be unusual developments regard to change in business or advancement at that time. Some danger attends vel in October and November, so use caution in regard to vehicles. The year thers your personal and financial affairs and leaves you better off than you re in 1942. .

Predictions for screen stars born in Aries

Richard Travis, April 17, newcomer at Warner Brothers Studio, will have a lendid opportunity to show his talents in 1943. Although his chart shows a ong possibility of war activity, he will return to the screen later and make quite name for himself.

Bette Davis, another Aries born, will continue in *(Please turn to page 60)*





Marriage rumors
were flying when Greer
and Richard Ney dated at
Mocambo when he was on furlough.



WHO DATES "MRS. MINIVER"

A RAVISHING red-head with a lilting laugh in a mermaid green gown with a necklace of tiny glistening sea-shells, sat at Number One table at the Hollywood Canteen.

The soldiers and the sailors and the marines and the Air Corps boys stood at a respectful distance—marveling at this Technicolor symphony of glorious red hair, white skin and green eyes. They were reluctant to intrude on her vivacious chatter with the two men escorting her. In fact they were not quite certain as to her identity. She was a glamorous movie star, they knew. But who?

"She looks like Greer Garson, except younger," was the confused comment. "But Greer Garson is more the mother type"—was the opinion.

Three R.A.F. boys came in. They glanced at the dazzling array of stars. Then they saw the lovely red-head. "It's Mrs. Miniver!" they exclaimed in unison, making a direct (*Please turn to page 72*

Dee Hubble



FIVE AND FAMOUS!

Hollywood's new child wonder is Margaret O'Brien, chosen from more than 1500 applicants for the lead in "Journey for Margaret"



Acclaimed a sensation for her remarkable emotional acting as a British war refugee, Margaret is still an unspoiled kid. Here a first, exclusive home pictures of the most important juvenile discovery since Shirley Temple. Above, she learns dancing from her young aunt, Marissa Flores. Margaret made her first movie appearance in "Babes on Broadway." Before that she posed for photographers, made several radio broadca



Photos by
Clarence S. ...
M-G-M



Sweet tooth
...*my eye!*

... there ain't no pantywaists in this man's Army! Candy's darn good to eat, but, more important, we know it's the food.

"If you ever manned a machine gun or tossed around in a tank, you'd know what I mean. Yes sir . . . in battle or in barracks, soldiers *crave* candy!"

★ ★ ★

The sergeant is right. Even a buck private knows that candy is a valuable part of army rations. Every man on the fighting front is issued a compact food kit containing special dextrose tablets to sustain him when the fresh ration is not obtainable.

Curtiss Candy Company is delivering millions of candy products to the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army

. . . and packaging tons of other important foods such as biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. In addition, we observe the priorities of War Plants in their orders for Baby Ruth, Butterfinger and other famous Curtiss Candy Bars.

Obviously, there is no "business as usual" at Curtiss. Our great food plants are operating at capacity. We are supplying millions of hard-working Americans who look to Baby Ruth and Butterfinger for food-energy and food-enjoyment.

Occasionally some dealers may be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. Such shortages are only *temporary*. Just continue to ask for your favorite Curtiss Candy Bars.



Here is the Baby Ruth your dealer didn't have yesterday. If you don't find Baby Ruth or Butterfinger on the candy counter one day . . . look again the next. We are filling domestic orders as rapidly as our production facilities permit. Every American will agree with us that Uncle Sam comes first.

★ ★ ★

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY—Producers of Fine Foods
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN!



Kill, or be killed! That was the vow of the gallant Norwegians who refused to submit to the invaders, in this powerful story of an embattled people on the march against violence. Exclusive, complete fictionization of thrilling screenplay starring Paul Muni

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

IT WAS so good, spring in Norway! So beautiful it was enough to make a poet out of a man, looking at all that loveliness. One day there was snow and ice and the next the ice began breaking in mountain streams, and anemones and the pink trailing *linnaea* covered the places where the snow had been. So fast it came, that northern spring, there was no warning of its coming, just as there had been no warning of the Germans coming, either. They had come together this year, turning all that goodness to evil, changing all the sweetness to despair. No, this spring didn't mean happiness, only heartbreak.

But last year, that had been a spring, a spring to remember always. Eric Toresen's heart twisted just thinking of it. It was on a day like this he had danced with Judith Bowen at Anna and Gunnar Korstad's wedding and the English girl hadn't minded that his feet were clumsy and that he knew little about dancing, for there had been a rhythm all their own in their hearts.

How happy he had been, he who had thought that day five years ago when his wife died he could never be happy again. The sweet, spicy smell of cinnamon and browning sugar still lingered in Nostbye's hotel where the marriage was being celebrated, for a wedding meant a lot of cakes and the long table had been set with wonderful food and there had been a fiddle and an accordion playing the gay lilting music for the old Norwegian folk dances and Robert, Judith's brother, had gone from one to the other of the pretty, laughing girls and even Admiral Bowen, their father, had joined in the hilarity as if he belonged there.

But of course he didn't. None of the Bowens did. They came from another world and the next day they were going back to it. They were only on holiday for the salmon season and now it was over. And how could Eric Toresen expect a girl like Judith to remember him back in London? It wasn't only the North Sea which would divide them. Eric wasn't a man to fool himself. Still, he wouldn't think of that now. Not with Judith smiling as she looked up at him.

"You look so serious!" she said in that soft voice of hers. "As though you're working on a logarithm table."

"No." Eric's grave smile came. "I just keep counting, one, two, three, to keep time when I dance."

They had stopped to drink punch with the others and after the Admiral had lifted his glass in a toast to Norway, Bergesen who could be the most entertaining man in the village when he wasn't talking politics lifted his.

"To England!" he said. "We drink, we dance." Bergesen's eyes brooded. "We pray. Impossible!"

(Please turn to page 66)

Columbia Picture produced by Lester Cowan. Starring Paul Muni, with cast including Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Please turn to Page 66 for complete cast and credits.



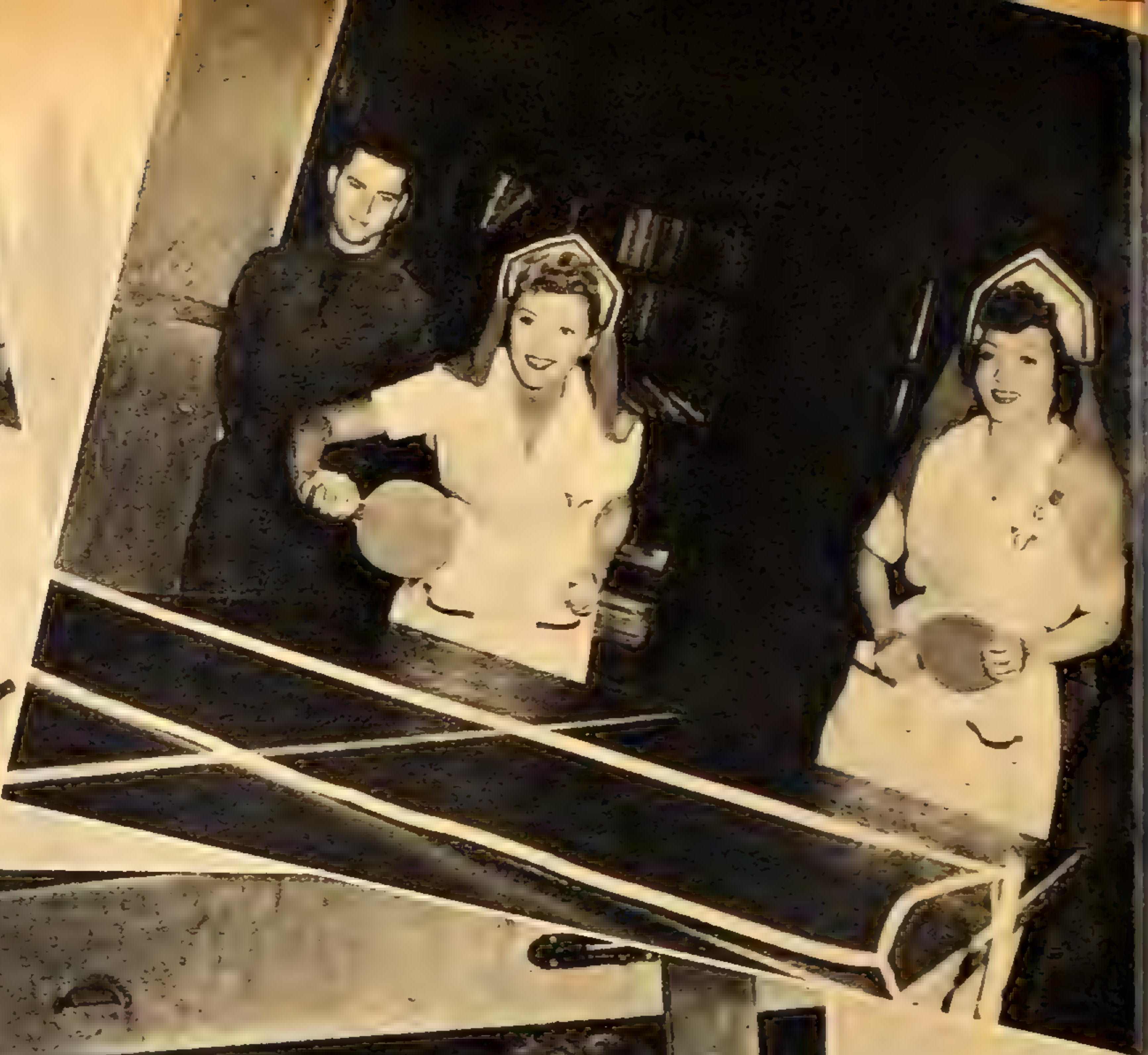


Photo Scoop!
First pictures of
the VACS Can-
teen at Fort
MacArthur, San
Pedro, Calif.,
where Claudette
Colbert and other
film stars serve
free food and
fun to soldiers



Claudette, assist-
Annabella (Mrs. T
Power) is a ti
worker. She not
serves food and
dishes, but plays
pong and gin
with the boys. I
left, Elsie Janis pl
piano for a gay

CANTEEN CAPERS

Photos by Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Washington.





Claudette Colbert at the door of the VACS Canteen. Picture at bottom of page shows the popular star in her new rôle as dish washer

THE Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS) opened its first canteen at Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, California, on February 5, 1942. A few weeks later, a second canteen was opened at the same post. Both were furnished by the VACS and are manned, maintained and supported by the organization. The VACS is the only civilian organization (except the Red Cross, which is practically official) allowed to operate on a military reservation in this war time. They send cigarettes, candies, books, etc., to troops in Alaska and the Solomons. They visit the outposts in Southern California and service troop trains with food and cigarettes. The VACS support their activities with funds donated to them or raised at benefits given by them.

Coffee, tea, lemonade, cookies, doughnuts and cigarettes are dispensed free in the canteens. The VACS, in their uniforms of crisp white pinafores, white halo caps and red chiffon veils, play cards, ping-pong and games with the soldiers, dance with them, sing with them. They also prepare food, wash dishes, clean kitchens and lounging rooms. Each girl must take her turn at the dish-pan, coffee urns, etc., as well as the tayer chores of amusing service guests.

Claudette Colbert was one of the first members of the VACS and no one has labored harder or more faithfully than she. She has been more than generous with her time, money, and influence to further the cause of the canteens.

Annabella and Elsie Janis are popular volunteer workers. Mrs. Edwin Knopf is president of the VACS, assisted by Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Jack Benny, Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Anita Louise, Sally Eilers, Claire Trevor, and many more.



SAYS HEDY LAMARR



HEDY LAMARR, STARRING IN THE M-G-M PRODUCTION, "DRAGON SEED"

"Let my Glamour Dust Glorify You"

"ITS NAME IS Woodbury Powder. And I say it's the sheerest, smoothest glamour that ever came out of a box. My new Woodbury Rachel shade gives my ivory-toned complexion the creamy, gardenia look directors rave about."

You're right, Hedy! And Woodbury plays no favorites. Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered just 5 complexion types. Then by a new process—Color Control—Woodbury

created the perfect powder shade for each skin type.

What a gorgeous glow *your* shade gives the tints in your complexion! Woodbury Powder is like a fragrant veil of loveliness—a subtle flattery that clings softly for hours.

Find *your* shade of Woodbury Powder at any toilet goods counter. Only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Wear it for the man whose compliments matter most.



WOODBURY
Color Controlled powder



BEAUTY BONUS...NEW Matched Make-up

Now with your \$1.00 box of Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. All just right for your coloring. All three for \$1.00! Hollywood Type Chart (in every box)—to help you find your most flattering shades.



Ida Lupino couldn't be prouder of her husband, Louis Hayward (left) for enlisting private in the Marine Corps. Her companionship with "The Beard" (Monte Wood above, with whom she co-stars in "Life Begins at 8:30") is strictly for la

LOUIS GETS THE LOW.



A Hollywood husband, now in the armed forces, will learn what his pretty blonde wife has been up to during his absence when he reads this!

DEAR LOUIS, Remember me? The dame who tells all at the drop of a hat? Well, don't look now, but I've just dropped my hat. I can't wait to tell you about the little woman you left behind you when you joined the Marines—that sweet dove you left in the pretty nest high in the Santa Monica hills. She doesn't live there any more. It took four gallons of gas a day (and Ida only has an "A" card) to reach that nest, and three servants to keep it feathered, and gasoline and servants are something that movie stars haven't got these days. Ida has closed your house and moved into an apartment in town, where she can swing on a bus, and eat at the Brown Derby. You married a very sensible girl, Louis. Slightly mad, but sensible.

All the stars are going to have to move into town eventually, after much pouting and pooling, but Ida just accepted it without even making a face, and that was that. And not one gripe out of her about the \$25,000 ceiling. "All I care about," she said, "is that we win the war. As long as

Ida is still putting out songs as regularly as most people put out the cat. She has composed many of them for the RAF in Canada to use in their camp shows, and a special song dedicated to Hayward.

WELL, girls, you did it. You screamed and yelled and carried on like a bunch of love-sick females until you got him. You know who I mean. Whom I mean. John Payne. That really smooth-looking boy over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. With that superb 90 pound chassis that makes muscle man Atlas look cut-rate. His studio has gotten him a deferment from the Army until he can make one more picture. "Hello, Frisco, Hello." All on account you asked for it. Asked for it, my eye, you demanded it! That means you get another chance to look at John. And sigh. Before male rationing sets in.

John, however, would probably like to wring your necks for getting him that deferment. Never was there a boy so anxious to get into a uniform. His eyes flash on and off like neon signs when he talks about it. Several months ago he got his financial affairs in order, his mother looked after, and little Julie Anne well provided for, and without any fuss or fanfare he enlisted as a private in the Army Air Corps.

John's always been crazy about planes. He built a sensational plane when he was fourteen that would undoubtedly have revolutionized aviation— (Please turn to page 82)

The Girls He Leaves Behind Him!

JOHN PAYNE

SCOOP STORY

By Liza



Which one is "the" John leaves behind him: top, Jane Russell; above, June Haver, shown with on set of "Hello, Frisco, Hello," or Shirley, the ex- John Payne?





Just a Little HOME BODY

Yes, Dona Drake is a home girl, but what a girl! She lives high on a hilltop overlooking Hollywood with three cocker spaniel puppies as playmates. She has no maid, keeps in trim by doing her own housework. Strictly a human dynamo, pint-size, Dona is a sensation in "Star Spangled Rhythm" and a sure bet for early stardom.

Exclusive photos by Paramount Studios





SPENCER TRACY
AND
KATHARINE HEPBURN
IN
"KEEPER OF THE FLAME"

Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

YOU CAN'T
RATION LOVE!

"Woman of the Year" and her man meet again! The team of Tracy and Hepburn is reunited in M-G-M's new mystery drama, the story of a woman suspected of her husband's murder, and the newspaper reporter who determines to absolve her by bringing to light the real murderer.



More love scenes. Above, Bob Taylor and Marilyn Maxwell in "Stand By For Action." Left, lovely Patricia Dane in the arms of James Craig and, top left, Pat with William Lundigan —for "Northwest Rangers."

MEN of the SEA

Robert Taylor heads big cast in stirring drama of war in the Pacific, "Stand By For Action," Charles Laughton, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan play other principal rôles. Story, concerning an old American destroyer which rescues twenty children from a torpedoed liner's lifeboat has lots of punch and pat

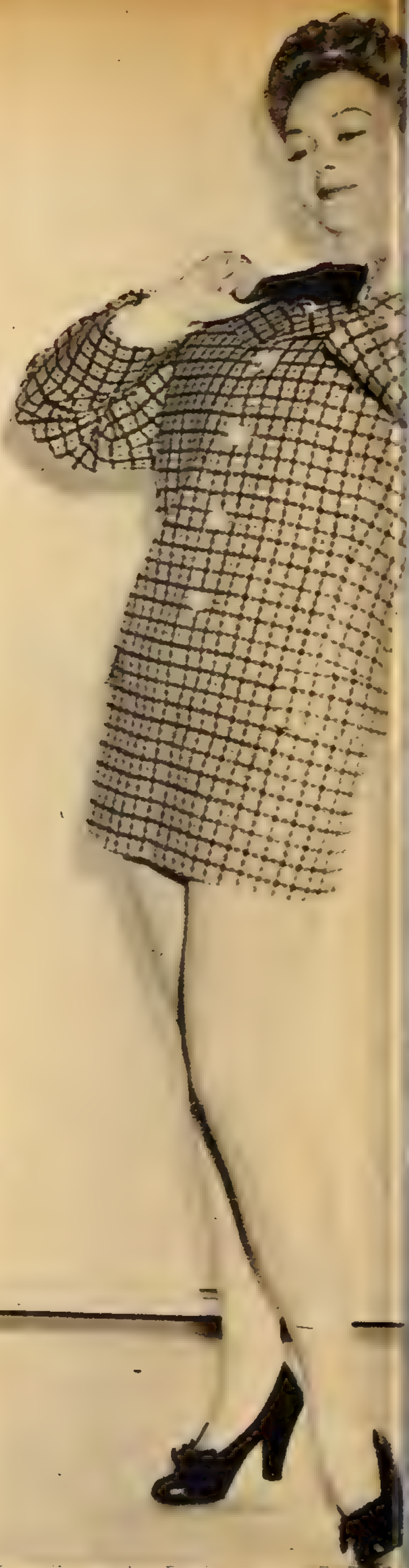




MEN of the AIR



When you see "Air Force" you will be watching a picture of war in the air as accurate and actionful as Hollywood can make it. The company, headed by John Garfield (left), spent many weeks on location at an air base. Warner Bros., the producers, are noted for their devotion to our war effort. Capt. Hewitt Wheless, one of America's great air heroes, visited the sets. "Beyond the Line of Duty," Warner's short picturization of Wheless' own life and exploits, is now being shown in theaters. Above, closeup of Wheless and, top left, with Harry Carey.



WAR

But maybe these Hollywood beauties aren't so wacky, at that. Give them a chance to explain!



Leslie Brooks, on this page, says: "What is a Zoot Suit? It's nothing but a silly, unpatriotic fad because it's a waste of good material that might otherwise be used to help the war effort." Pointing out how stupid it is for boys to wear over-length coats and trousers when good citizens are buying trousers without cuffs, Leslie poses to illustrate the futility of it all. No, that isn't a Zoot Suit she's wearing, just an outfit from the men's wardrobe department, and a trifle large for little Leslie. If you want to see her on the screen in other dress, catch Columbia's "City Without Men."



WACKY!

Julie Bishop (shown in two pictures at top of page) intends to comply with all government fuel conservation regulations. Now, wait a minute! That triple-exposure of Julie is just part of her publicity posing job at Warner studio—after working hours she shakes the dust out of some woollen undies which will keep her warm and cozy these long winter evenings.

What with the tire shortage and gas rationing, even movie actresses are walking to work. Madeleine LeBeau, whose beauty blazes in "Casablanca," Warner Bros.' new picture, checks her average day's walking with a pedometer strapped to her shapely undercarriage.



Linda Darnell



OVER the bomb-scarred cinemas around Piccadilly Circus you can see Old Glory and the Union Jack floating proudly together in the breeze while below them the men and women of the U. S. Forces and the British Services go inside to see the new films equally companionable. They even share their gum and candy—and that's sincerely friendly now that all sweetstuffs are so strictly rationed on the coupon system!

Shows end early these blackout nights so afterwards they go along to eat and dance at one of London's many Anglo-American clubs. You often see famous screen faces at the tables, too, for most of the American movie stars who live in Britain come to act as hosts and hostesses to their folks, and our own players like to extend the hand of welcome as well, with maybe a song or a rhythm act to help the fun.

"Somewhere in Britain" there's a great landing field among the grey hills where the giant aircraft (*Please turn to page 84*)

elia Johnson, above, plays one of the leading roles in Noel Coward's navy drama, "In Which We Serve." Remember Margaret Lockwood, right? She is the heroine of a new crime picture, "Alibi." Her husband is an Army officer on active service, and she serves in the W. V. S. Noel Coward, pictured far right, is England's movie man of the hour for his great new film.



Read the latest about Vivien Leigh, Richard Greene, Robert Donat! Here's a colorful account, direct from England, of the fine job British stars and studios are doing under war-time conditions

By
Hettie
Grimstead

LETTER FROM LONDON

"MY FATHER IS A HERO!"

Says Roddy McDowall

Just like any other youngster, Roddy's great moment comes when his adored father is home on leave and can tell him stories of the sea. Here they are, father and son, at the 20th Century-Fox studio where Roddy insisted his Dad accompany him to the movie lot every day.



Roddy is a movie star now but his devotion to his Dad, Third Officer Thomas McDowall of the British Merchant Marine, remains the biggest thing in his life.

By
Vivian Cosby

ON THE dock in Liverpool, England, Roddy McDowall sat huddled together with his sister Virginia, his mother and father. For five weary hours they had been waiting permission to board the American-bound steamer *Scythia*.

An air raid signal sounded. People all about them hurried for shelter. But the McDowall family paid no attention. It was more important that they stay together for the precious little time left. For they did not know when they would be united again, ever.

Months before the British government had urged that all children be evacuated to a safe country. Roddy, however, had pleaded with his father not to send him and Virginia away. To him London was exciting, especially during an air raid when the R.A.F. went up after the Jerries. His father agreed to let them stay. In his heart was the hope that conditions would get better and there would be no need of a family separation.

At that time Mr. McDowall was the proprietor of a transport service and his trucks distributed air raid shelters and explosives. So after a hard stretch of work it was comforting to come home to his loved ones. Then one day something happened to make him realize more than ever how unsafe they were in England. One of his trucks was bombed while driving along the street. The driver was killed. Mr. McDowall did all he could for the unfortunate man's family, the



Above, Roddy listens to his father spin true yarns of the war at sea. Left above, the whole happy McDowall family—sister Virginia, Mrs. Winifred McDowall, Roddy, and Thomas McDowall.



Roddy reads the story of "My Friend Flicka," from which his new picture was adapted. His studio plans big things for the remarkable boy actor.



are manning the life-lines of the United Nations. You see their ships carry essential supplies. They have to get through at any cost. And it's tough going 'cause they haven't always enough guns to put up a good fight. If an enemy looms on the horizon they just have to outwit them."

"But Roddy," I protested, "if a German bomber swoops down to kill, how can they possibly win the encounter by wits?"

"Dad told me they have only one real defense. When the enemy is overhead the thing to do is to keep the ship in a steady course until the plane is in a bombing position. Then you swing the helm hard over so that the ship moves out of the path of the bomb."

As Roddy talked he kept looking at a picture of his father, Thomas McDowall. A fine-looking man in an officer's uniform with eyes as warm and steadfast as those of his son.

"Dad and I used to go sailing all the time before the war," continued Roddy. "He taught me a lot about boats."

There was really no need for Roddy to tell me how interested he is in ships, for his playroom proclaims the fact for him. The chintz drapes and chair slip-covers have a sailboat in their design and the bookcase shelves are lined with books of sea stories. On the wall is a beautifully drawn map of a mythical kingdom Roddy started inventing when he was six. The imaginary country is called Fidelis and Roddy has written several books on its history. For the present he has lost interest in Fidelis because the world right now is much more crammed full of adventure and excitement than Roddy could possibly dream up.

For instance, several months ago an enemy submarine fired at an oil-well on the coast of California. A fan of Roddy's who happened to live in that vicinity sent him a piece of the shrapnel as a souvenir. Roddy now considers this his good luck piece. And well he might, for at about the time the enemy made the surprise attack Thomas McDowall's ship was sailing up the Pacific Coast. Quite unexpectedly good fortune had made it possible for him to see his family again (*Please turn to page 64*)

returned home and quietly told his wife she was to take the children to America. He was going to join the Merchant Marine.

It was a few days after he had made this decision that the family sat on the dock in Liverpool. Tucked under Roddy's arm was a souvenir of London: The shrapnel-riddled license plate off the ill-fated truck.

An officer from the *Scythia* told them they could go aboard. The dreaded moment had come. Thomas embraced his wife and daughter. He placed his hands on Roddy's shoulders and looked into his eyes. He didn't speak, but Roddy knew his dad was silently telling him that he was now the head man of the family.

Head of the family! A large order for a thirteen-year-old boy. But somehow, as Roddy told me all this, in the playroom of his California home, I felt he was equal to the job. There is a quiet assurance about him which inspires confidence.

"Were you surprised when your father joined the British Merchant Marine?" I asked.

"Not at all," replied Roddy his eyes sparkling with excitement. "Dad loves the sea. Besides, he belonged to the Merchant Marine in the last war. It was awfully exciting. The ship he was on got torpedoed and the crew had to abandon it. They drifted around in a life-boat for two days before they were picked up. If I were grown-up I'd certainly join the Merchant Marine. They really have adventures!"

"More so than any other service?"

Roddy thought a moment before he replied. "Well, in this war," he explained, "the Merchant Marine seamen

GIRLS! DON'T DO THAT!

What to make of Maureen O'Hara? She fights against posing for cheesecake art, but she enjoys playing in love scenes! At right, her first screen appearance in a bathing suit, opposite Henry Fonda in "The Immortal Sergeant." Facing page, the big clinch from film, Fonda's last for duration.

How to be popular though proper! Red-headed Maureen O'Hara tells you girls just how she does it

By Maude Cheatham

"I'M THE 'don't' girl of Hollywood! Newspapers carry gossip lines, saying, 'Maureen O'Hara won't drink, won't smoke, won't wear revealing evening gowns, or negligees, or sweaters. Maureen O'Hara won't take a bath before the camera, or appear in a bathing suit. Or show her legs.' Maybe they should add, I won't chew tobacco, or swear—politely, or otherwise!"

Quite out of breath, the Irish lovely stopped abruptly. Maureen O'Hara is a spunky package, and the impact of

her personality is dynamic. She's bubbling with positive ideas, and she loves to express them.

"All these comments," she went on, "are supposed to make me 'different.' I'm not. I'm just like every other girl who discovers when she steps out into the grown-up world that there are many issues to meet, many questions to answer. While my problems center on my acting, they are the same as every other career girl has—she'll recognize them, and probably her 'don't' will coincide with





ne and the only difference, of course, is that the stage setting varies. "I'm not prudish, but my training was strict. Dublin is conservative. The people look at many things differently than we do in America and I never want them to be ashamed of me. It seems wise to think things over and have a goal, so I have a list of 'don'ts' and am my own Will Hays office! "For instance, I'm no stunt artist. So why should I go sliding around a board for the camera? For my first Hollywood picture, 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' someone brightly thought up a plan of making pictures of me—as a medieval maiden, taking a bath in an old-fashioned tin tub. There would be shots of my legs as I stepped in, views of my back dripping wet, and other choice bits. This didn't fit in with (Please turn to page 80)



Gary Cooper kibitzes as Arturo de Cordova, Mexican star, takes on Ingrid in a game of gin rummy.



Critical audience, left. Cooper and camera watch Bergman and Katina Paxinou in closeup. Above, concentrating for a big

DIRECTOR SAM WOOD'S LOCATION DIARY

"FOR WHOM



JULY 2—First day on location and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is getting under way. Here we are on a snow-capped peak of Sierra Nevada, two miles up toward a blue California sky. The camp of 175 folk sprang up overnight. It's a huddle of tents and shacks amid fir and anyone looking down from an airplane would take us for a lot of gypsies.

I've started this diary, I don't know why. Everybody has started a diary one time or another, but very few keep it up. Gary Cooper says you've got to have a hobby on location, or you'll go daffy in the solitude. Akim Tamiroff, who's playing *Pablo*, packed a fishing rod, but there are few fish here. Ingrid Bergman goes in for music, but a piano can't be dragged up these slopes. *Pilar*—that's Katina Paxinou, who looks like a swart fortune-teller with a couple of rattles on her back—brought along a set of pans and a cook book to fix up faraway Greek dishes, but she can't find the ingredients here. So maybe we're out of luck.

Hard at work all day. Scrambling up and down mountain peaks, keeping the scenes within shot of the big Technicolor cameras. Ten cameras in all. They weigh a ton each, and are as big as telephone booths.

The darndest thing! Su

Director Wood, who gave us this "scoop" of his location diary, which he kept all through the filming of Paramount's big movie, coaches stars for a scene.



Each-hour conference between star and director. At right, the hairdresser puts finishing touches on Bergman's close-cropped coiffure.



Lesson in English, above. Coach for Miss Bergman goes over dialogue while Cooper waits.

THE BELL TOLLS" WITH GARY COOPER AND INGRID BERGMAN

er hikers have found us out! These peaks are in terribly rough country, just like the Sierra de Guadarrama mountains in Spain, where Ernest Hemingway set his story. Nearest town is sixty miles away. Bill Menzies, our art designer, who knows his Spain, says this location is the very image of Guadarrama, only harder to find. Took the location experts four months to find it. The hikers did in two days.

I was tired and turned in for a snooze under a tree. A lady poked me in the ribs with a stick and I sat up. I admire the hikers, though. They are sun-tanned young things in shorts, sweaters and sandals. One was actually barefooted! They pack cameras and knapsacks, too. They're as tough as commando boys, these gals!

July 3—We have sixty horses. They haul cameras, generators, supplies and what-not on a two-pole sled, Indian style, up and down the mountains. It's tough on Akim, climbing these peaks. He's got ten sweaters for padding, like *Falstaff*, and gets out of breath. "I made my start in America playing in Gorki's 'The Lower Depths,'" he says, "and now I'm two miles up!"

Old Bill White, the guide, says Akim sports the largest beard ever viewed in the Sierras since Andrew Jackson was. Please turn to page 88)



On her days off from work, Ingrid Bergman liked to go fishing on the banks of the Stanislaus River just below her location cabin. What, no bites, Ingrid?



A GIRL'S FIRST DATE

A girl simply has to look her nicest when the boy friend is on his way over; and even though Gloria Jean has been working all day with Donald at the Universal studio, where they're making "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," this is different, it's strictly social.

Young romance is the same in Hollywood as everywhere else. Starlet Gloria Jean is going steady with Donald O'Connor now, but this was her very first date



It's important to make a good impression on that first date. Donald O'Connor, left, may not look like Victor Mature, but Hunk o' Man was never more anxious to make an impressive entrance.

Donald is so absorbed in his dreams for a beautiful evening that he has forgotten to take his finger off the the door-bell. By a curious coincidence Gloria Jean happened to be looking out.





A box of roses never made any girl annoyed at the giver. Next time he'll send her a corsage, but this will do for a start. Right above, Gloria's Pop and kid sister call Donald's attention to Grandfather Clock in the hall.

Pop's curfew cancels out double feature shows, so Donald and Gloria shop for a preview and find one. At right, the lady right behind Donald must have seen the kids together in "Get Hep to Love." She asked them for their autographs.



the show, a snack at the famous Brown Derby, and old means snack. He's not in the upper salary brackets yet.

Gloria Jean says she's on a diet; true or false, Donald's mind is now made up. She's the one and only in his life from now on.

Jitterbug into Glamor Girl!

The amazing transformation of Betty Hutton

This dignified beauty is the real-life Betty Hutton, wearing her favorite clothes from her personal wardrobe. She chooses winter white for formal evenings; chalky white crepe with bare midriff, below; frothy white net over nude chiffon, right below—and a snowy white fox coat. Top right, dressy black suit for theater dates. The black lace snood is new note. Betty is one of thirty stars seen in Paramount's all-star musical, "Star Spangled Rhythm."



*Exclusive photos of
Betty Hutton by A. L.
Whitey Schafer, Para-
mount Studios.*



Above, startling dinner costume, Egyptian in motif, flared crepe skirt, with high-necked hand-crocheted bodice in pale lavender, and matching cap with heavy silk fringe festoon. At right above, brilliant green wool spectator sports suit, with form-fitting lapel-less jacket. Betty's shoulder clip is of green and red enamel in a strawberry cluster design.

Dove blue velveteen fashions Betty's smart luncheon frock and matching wide-brimmed hat, at left. The bias skirt is four-gored and a large flat bow finishes the neckline. Black faille dinner trousers are Miss Hutton's choice for home dinner parties, with shell pink crepe for the long-sleeved blouse which ties at throat. Addie Masters, designer.





LUSTROUS LADY

Bright and beautiful! That Veronica Lake, whose lovely hair has made her famous

By

Josephine Felts



Down or up, the gleam that counts. Just look at the lights on this hair! So seems as surprising as we are to see her put up. You'll see her in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" in the United Artists feature, "I Married a Witch."

WITH hair like that and a lovely figure, a girl can have anything she wants in the world!"

It is a man talking, of course, for these are the two things men first notice about a girl: her hair and her figure.

Just look at Veronica! Most people do.

Your hair is your greatest potential beauty; rightly cared for it has greater possibilities than any beauty you possess. The bright sort of hair that sparkles, hair that sends light bouncing right out from it when sunlight or firelight tosses light in, is what you and everybody else admire. Nothing on earth is as dull as drab, lusterless hair. All very well, you say, but what can I DO about it?

You can do a great deal. First on the list, of course, comes cleanliness. Without cleanliness real hair beauty is impossible. You have never suspected that you were half as pretty as you will be if you start with clean soft hair.

Please have a good brush! And keep it clean. Next to your regular shampooing your brush is your best hair cleansing agent. If you aren't brushing your hair one hundred strokes a day you might try doing so each night for a week. When you see how much better your hair looks and how much easier it is to handle, you will make brushing your hair as much of a routine as brushing your teeth.

So much for a right beginning. There is much more you can do. Time was when the only problem about your hair was to shampoo or not to shampoo, what to wash it with and whether to wear it up or down. Today many of us are women-at-work: defense workers, workers in factories. Some of us are fastening time fuses on bombs, some of us are welding, or working on derricks. These days it isn't as easy since we may find metal shav-

ings or lubricating grease in our hair. Most unpleasant!

Hollywood has these problems too! As the stars' hair gets burned with sun and wind, filled with realistic grease and metal in making a film, here is the procedure one studio has worked out: streaked or sunbaked hair, or hair that has been neglected and dried out, is first treated with oil. Any good oil, olive or mineral oil, will do. One easy way to spread on the oil is to twist some cotton on a toothpick and dip it into the hot oil. Apply it to the hair strand by strand. Then apply the oil with the same cotton, to the scalp along parts in the hair. Next massage the scalp gently and begin to brush, brush, and brush and brush, outward from the scalp with long sweeping strokes. Next wrap your hair up in a towel, preferably a hot one, for as long as you have time, and then give yourself a good shampoo.

As to which shampoo to use, there are literally dozens of good ones. Find one you like, follow directions carefully. The real secret of a good shampoo is in the rinsing. Hair that is badly rinsed is almost certain to be dull.

While we are on the subject of rinses, look into the matter of prepared rinses some of which do as much for the appearance of your hair as make-up does for your face. Today's best advice as to how to apply a rinse of this type is to brush it into the hair after your shampoos and

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

**Lights in your hair and a light in your eye,
are two ways of keeping your spirits in high!**



Are you a brunette like piquant Dona Drake of Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm?" Then get that cool, soft glow in your hair with one of the black rinses.



Or, are you blonde like luscious Lillian Eggers who plays in United Artists' "The Powers Girl?" Brighten your hair with a light golden blonde rinse. Keep it shining!

YOU can make-up your hair! By make-up we mean brighten up, make prettier, add warm, gleaming lights. Marchand's has twelve special rinses with which you can learn to do delightful things. For instance, if you're brunette, a warm chestnut rinse will put a sparkle in your hair that you'll be proud of; if you're a mousey blonde, the regular blonde rinse will give you pleasant things to think about as you look in your mirror. Don't ever again envy bright hair.

ALMOST everybody today does her hair up, part of her hair at least. And to make it stay up, exactly where you want it, a Grip-tuth comb is the best help in the world. These little combs stay in your hair where you put them. If you have, as we have, struggled with ordinary little falling-out combs, you know how valuable a firm one can be. Grip-tuth hangs on. The prongs of these combs press both ways, up and down, so they can't possibly slip out.



Margaret Hayes of "They've Got Me Covered," has soft chestnut curls. Pretty hair such as hers can be brightened with a Henna rinse or cooled with a dark brown rinse.



Valentine, Valentine, will you be my Valentine? In the smaller of the two hearts above, is Irresistible Perfume; Blue Waltz Perfume is most attractively packaged with larger one.

YOU know the results of neglecting your hair; it gets dry, dull, unmanageable, or else oily and stringy. Ogilvie Sisters have a cream pack that seems to undo months of neglect in a couple of hours. You can use it yourself at home after a shampoo. Even the dullest, weariest-looking hair comes out soft, shiny and natural looking.

WHAT nicer way to ask someone to be your Valentine than to send her one of the Sweet-Hearts above! Perfume by itself in our opinion is a lovely Valentine. It is a reminder that lasts and gives pleasure for weeks to come. When perfume is dressed on a gay heart, then no finer Valentine can be dreamed up by anyone.



Bob Hope, the gag master, and Kay Kyser, the jive ditto, exchange ugly scowls, just for fun, at a recent Hollywood benefit radio show.



Hey, Bogie, you can't do that to Jack—not with his wife, Mary Livingstone, around. Humphrey Bogart was just trying to show Benny the technique he uses for his "bad man" rôles.



Rosalind Russell gladly gives these service men auto-graphs even if it means neglecting her husband, Lieut. Fred Brisson of the Army Air Corps, whose pleasant expression says he doesn't mind—just so the boys are happy.

Here's Hollywood

Candid by Jean Duval
Gossip by Weston East

A HOLLYWOOD woman doesn't necessarily have to have a man in uniform to be a "war wife" these days. Dolores Hope and Billie Cagney are proof of that. Both Bob Hope and Jimmy Cagney cover so much territory visiting camps and selling Victory Bonds, weeks go by without their wives seeing them. Dolores is very cute about it. When she is invited out to dinner, she takes along Bob's picture and sets it up at her place. Billie Cagney wears a picture of Jimmy on her coat lapel. The design is a miniature frame and it pins like a regular brooch. Do they kinda like for their guys? What do you think?

NOW it's Betty Hutton whom Percival the marrying Westmores, is going to marry. At least they've announced the engagement. If it goes through, Betty will be number four in Perc's domestic life. In the meantime he's furnished a nautical apartment for himself, right in his own beauty salon. He spends weekends there when on furlough. It's complete even with port-holes.

ONLY Mary Astor's few intimate friends knew that way back last April, she and Manuel Del Campo came to an amicable agreement to disagree. Mary insisted, however, that they withhold an announcement until her husband had become a Royal Canadian Air Force flyer. When he visited her on furlough last year, for a while it looked like they might patch things up. But now Mary is going to file suit for divorce. They are still friends. Mary will have custody of two-year-old Tony. But even Hollywood will have to guess what actually caused the breach.

FOR thirty-six hours John Beal remained in the hospital with his wife Helen Craig. At 5 A. M. the baby was born. At 9 A. M. John had to be on the "Edge of Darkness" set. All day long he did scenes where he carried Nancy Coleman's "dead" body up a long flight of stairs. What were closeups, long shots, etc., John made these trips. Did he go right home after work to get his much needed sleep? He did not. He staggered back to the hospital to have a conference with his new daughter, Thelma Beal!

BECAUSE George Montgomery was honest and admitted that he enjoyed the publicity Hedy Lamarr brought him, Hollywood has been letting George have it—a kidding sort of way. When a local column printed that George was dating Dinah Shore, a "friend" of George's cracked: "I hope Dinah keeps her Crosley up!"



Rutherford found David May, heir to the May Company millions, of fun when they dined at Mocambo's. A romance? Could be!



The Gary Coopers attending one of the social events of the season at the Westside Tennis Club. Ruth Hussey can be seen in background.

WE LIKE this story on Dennis Morgan. Now that his wife is safely out of danger and the new baby doing well, Dennis decided to take a little vacation. So he led Lillian, the kids and their two dogs to the station wagon. At every hotel, Dennis got the same answer, "Sorry, but we don't take dogs." Finally it began to get dark. Dennis pulled up in front of a hotel. A sign advertised, "Room and board for dogs, by the night." Dennis rang the bell. "I say," said Dennis with a twinkle in his eye, "do you take in—people?"

THE WHO laughs last is Van Heflin. For some unknown reason, M-G-M didn't publish that Van had spent half his life shipping out to sea. He was also a member of the artillery reserve. Van could have had a commission either in the Navy or the artillery. He chose the latter and has lately left for his branch. As a lieutenant, hoping a furlough will come around sometime, his wifey Frances Neal presents him with a son—he hopes!

NOW Phyllis Brooks knows why Richard Travis seemed to be brushing her off. When Dick was in Washington making a government short, Phyllis was there doing secretarial work. They saw quite a bit of each other. But it was all just friendly and sister-like. When they returned to Hollywood, Dick never called Phyllis. His recent marriage to Anne Berkey, a Junior League girl, explains why. Anne won out over the pretty keen Hollywood competition. There's a hot new romance for Phyllis in New York City. Dan Cupid can now go back to his knitting.

NOT a "wolf" in sight certainly applies to the Hollywood scene these days. Alice Cabot is the latest to join the Army. Her girl friend, Marie McDonald, has promised him faithfully that she won't knit a sweater! Bruce now knows he's going to be a happy soldier.

THE grim reaper hit Hollywood three times in succession, when such great actresses as May Robson, Edna May Oliver and Laura Hope Crews, were taken from us. Their close friends and the industry in general are still stunned from the shock. Laura Hope was in the east and few here knew she had been ill. Typical of Edna May, she joked right up to the end and refused to allow her closest friends to know her innermost fears. They will be missed these three who helped us to forget our pain and tears. May they find the lighter they gave us.



Judy Garland is shocked at hubby Dave Rose's party manners. Dave loves to tease her, but Judy threatens to get revenge by making him a present of Emily Post's book of etiquette.

Looking very happy and pretty, too, in her Tyrolean suspenderskirt and white blouse, Lana Turner and her husband, Steve Crane, were among the screen celebrities who took part in the holiday festivities at the Westside Tennis Club.





Caught in the act by the cameraman, Lundigan and his gal, Marguerite Chapman, are a happy, "scrappy" twosome at Ciro's.

AFTER their intimate scenes in "Mrs. Miniver," you wouldn't think Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon would be self-conscious. But they finally had to ask Walter to leave the set of "The Youngest Profession," Virginia Weidler's starring picture. Greer was playing herself in a guest spot. Walter stood on the sidelines to watch. Greer got so nervous she kept blowing her lines. When Walter said, "Why, Mrs. Miniver, I'm surprised at you," that's when they ran him out.

HOLLYWOOD is wondering why Barbara Stanwyck usually leaves early when she does go out for an evening. Several times she has arrived alone, because Bob Taylor was away on a hunting trip. There was a time in her life when Barbara was quite anti-social. But all that belongs to the dead past. That's why she worries Barbara's friends, when she sits quietly in the background, and sometimes goes home soon after dinner. It's probably nothing. Or maybe she isn't. Typical of Stanwyck, she'd sooner let people misjudge her, than dramatize her personal problems. Too bad there are a few more like her.

IT'S Hollywood's newest economy measure. Judy Garland started it and the glamorous gals are all copying her. Instead of buying clothes, Judy has been putting all her spending money into Victory Bonds. With true feminine pride she's grown a little weary of wearing the same gown month in and month out. So what did she do? Judy had evening slacks made out of them. They come in black velvet, green lamé, flat crepes. With them Judy wears blouses of paisley silk and peasant embroidery. She can switch them around and make dozens of changes. Pretty clever, that Garland gal, don't you think?

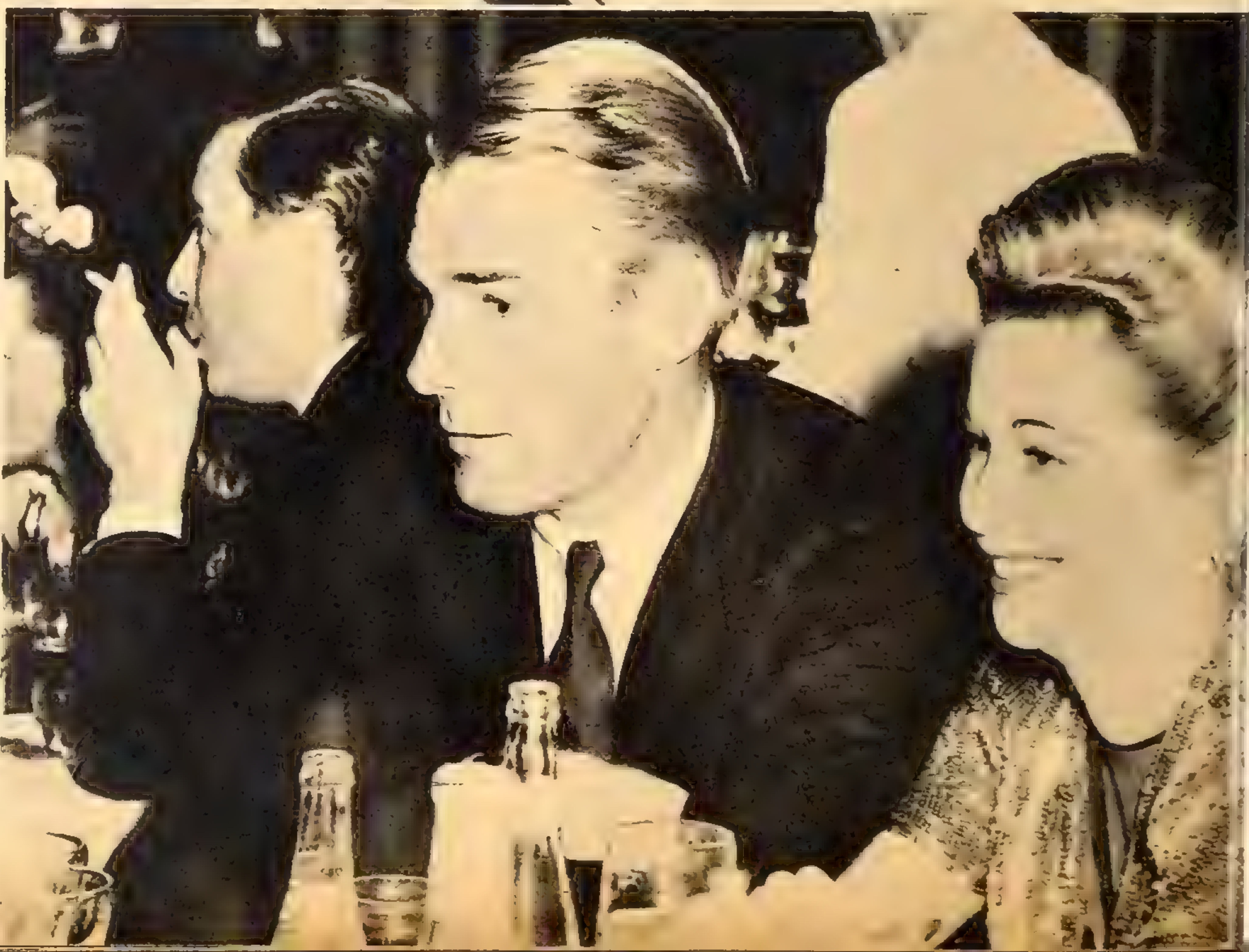
JOAN CRAWFORD is so-o-o in love with hubby Phil Terry, (for the first time in her life, she says) and doesn't care who knows it. Dinner guests were a little startled recently. The soup course was going quite nicely, thank you, when Joan suddenly tore down to Phil's end of the table. She threw her arms around him and cried then and there they told all over again how much they loved each other. Well, they're being honest about it, in case anyone has any doubts. No one did.



Above, Dorothy Lamour turns on the charm for Lieut.-Commander Arthur Davis of the U. S. Navy, who seems rather shy. Right, Randolph Scott with cute starlet Margie Stewart. Randy sure knows how to pick 'em.

NOW that their intimate friends and co-workers are exhausted from sympathizing and placating Mickey and Ava, the Rooneys have reconciled! 'Twas ever thus in Hollywood. But no one minds if this time they'll just stick together and realize that marriage is a series of adjustments and forgivings. Ava, by the way, is wearing a stunning new bracelet. Yes, it's a welcome home present from the Mick.

SMART Hollywoodites are saying that no one will be surprised if Ann Sothorn and Bob Sterling get married when Bob comes home on his first furlough. They must be forgetting about Roger Pryor, Ann's ex-husband. Roger would be very much surprised. As yet, Ann hasn't received her final decree from him!



RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild-U.A. Triumph for Veronica Lake, this picturization of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. Veronica, as a lovely ghost, returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man (Fredric March), who caused her to be burned at the stake in 1670. It's all fine, imaginative fun. See it by all means. Susan Hayward in cast.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia. Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth stage a joyous reunion in this super-duper dance and musical. Rita, as an icy South American beauty, seduced as a Broadway hooper stranded in Buenos Aires. Jerome Kern tunes, played by Xavier Cugat's orchestra. Tops among the musicals.

THE BLACK SWAN—20th Century-Fox. If you want sheer escapist film fare, here's your picture. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling yarn of theatrical practices in the Spanish Main make a roaring adventure movie with Tyrone Power in the lusty rôle of the daredevil captain. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—20th Century-Fox. Gay and glamorous musical, all in dazzling color, will delight followers of this spectacular type of entertainment. The frothy story concerns the efforts of John Payne to persuade his former fiancée, Betty Grable, to team up with him again. Has Carmen Miranda at her merriest; Cesar Romero in smoothest dancing form. Harry James' orchestra plays the hit tunes.

WHITE CARGO—M-G-M. Hedy Lamarr in her brief costume as *Tondeleyo*, little terror of the tropics, is chief attraction of this drama of white men disintegrating in the brutal climate and boredom. Hedy gives a sizzling performance as the halfbreed who drives her victims to distraction. Walter Pidgeon, good as the tough overseer who is immune to her charms. Hedy's dance alone is worth admission price. Richard Carlson, Frank Morgan, fine.

MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia. The screen version of the long-running Broadway play is one long laugh, as it pictures two sisters from Columbus, Ohio, in the Big City, their struggles to succeed as writer and actress. Rosalind Russell gives her gayest performance as the big sister, with Janet Blair a bewitching *Eileen*. Brian Donlevy is in it, too. Don't miss this.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount. Bing and Bob are on the road again. This time it leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour, a princess, and very seductive in Oriental raiment, who throws over her sheik for Crosby and Hope. If you liked the other "Road" films, don't miss seeing this—it's funnier than the first two. It's snappy, gay; will put you in a cheery mood.

WAKE ISLAND—Paramount. This stirring screen drama of the Marines' heroic stand, based upon actual records, will move and thrill you as it sweeps to its terrific climax—the "defeat" of a handful of gallant men which was really a triumph of fighting courage. Brian Donlevy and William Bendix head a superb cast.

NOW, VOYAGER—Warners. Women will like this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a domineering mother fights for the freedom to live her own life. It's the best Bette Davis movie in a long time. Paul Henreid as the lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M. A sentimental film musical about the old vaudeville days, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy as troupers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace. Song-and-dance acts are well done. Old favorite tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the girl who gives up her boy friend Gene (also a hit in his rôle) because he's unpatriotic. You must see this fine film.

MRS. MINIVER—M-G-M. Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon is splendid as the husband.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Warners. Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan prove a piquant team as Mr. and Mrs. in this amusing picturization of the Kaufman-Hart stage play. Ann and Jack, a city couple, run into comic complications when they buy and remodel an old farmhouse, where Washington reputedly once slept. This will give you some hearty laughs.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—Sam Goldwyn-U.A. This splendid screen tribute to a fine American has deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrigs rather than the excitement of his public career, but the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it. Gary Cooper gives a great performance as Gehrig. Teresa Wright, as Mrs. Gehrig, and Babe Ruth, as himself, also excellent. The great American sport glorified.

THE PALM BEACH STORY—Paramount. This hilarious film's star foursome—Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Rudy Vallee, Mary Astor—all give sparkling performances, so don't miss it. It's about a wife who leaves her husband because he's not a big success even though she loves him. After much confusion and misunderstandings, they're reunited.

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH—RKO-Radio. This film, which pays tribute to the men of our Navy and Merchant Marine, will stir patriotic emotions. George Murphy plays a lieutenant, who, forced to resign his commission because of an unfortunate mishap, re-enlists as a gob and becomes a hero. Pat O'Brien, good as the C.P.O. The ship's encounters with enemy U-boats supply action and thrills.

THE GLASS KEY—Paramount. Like movie mysteries? Then don't miss this film version of Dashiell Hammett's novel about a political boss (Brian Donlevy) who is suspected of murder, and his faithful lieutenant's (Alan Ladd) efforts to clear him. Ladd portrays a variety of emotions and does them all splendidly. Suspense is good. Veronica Lake is in it, too.

FLYING TIGERS—Republic. Exciting melodrama based upon the exploits of the American Volunteer Group, those intrepid airmen who, before Pearl Harbor, patrolled the skies over China. A good straightforward story centers on the courage of the Squadron Leader (John Wayne at his robust best), his resourcefulness in keeping his outnumbered planes in the air and his romance with a nurse, Anna Lee. John Carroll is good as the cocky, daredevil flyer.

THE HARD WAY—Warners. Ida Lupino dominates this adult drama of theatrical life in the rôle of a coldly ambitious girl who craves fame not for herself but for her younger sister. Joan Leslie lends freshness though little dramatic fervor to the ingenue rôle. Dennis Morgan as the man in the case is sufficiently suave and handsome to carry off an unbelievable part.

THE FOREST RANGERS—Paramount. Spectacular forest fires and a parade in Frontier Day style are the thrilling sights of this story of a Forest Ranger who tries to find those guilty of setting fires in Picayune Canyon. Fred MacMurray is seen as the Ranger and Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward as the girls in his life. All performances good. See it.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—United Artists. W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel of the great artist who lived and loved so ruthlessly, has been made into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the rôle of the middle-aged painter and heart-breaker who finds fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl. Herbert Marshall and Doris Dudley also give outstanding performances.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners. This new version of the newspaper yarn, "Hi, Nellie," which starred Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell, has Brenda Marshall, as the reporter, and George Brent, as the hunch-playing managing editor who loves her. Between them they solve a murder and expose a black market in auto tires. Brent and Brenda, fine. Roscoe Karns, good as a comic cameraman. Fast-moving; exciting.

THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox. A romantic movie about the training of Allied Nations' air cadets at Thunder Bird Field. Most of the action concerns Preston Foster's determination to make a flyer out of a British cadet (John Sutton), despite fact that the student wins his girl away from him. Story is weak, but Sutton convincing; Gene Tierney, stunning. Planes in skies, filmed in Technicolor, are really something.

ICELAND—20th Century-Fox. The Marines land in Iceland and Sonja Henie, as *Katina*, does everything to "land" Corp. Murfin. She takes his flirtation seriously even though he's not the marrying type, but Sonja skates right into his heart. Sparkling, exquisitely costumed skating sequences with Sonja at her best make up for a weak story. John Payne, fine as the handsome Marine. Jack Oakie on skates is a howl.

HOLIDAY INN—Paramount. This Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is swell escape from the doldrums. It is a grand show with new Irving Berlin tunes and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby plays a crooner who converts his farmhouse into an inn open only on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds sings and dances charmingly.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—Warners. This story of the late George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—RKO-Radio. Via "The Court of Missing Heirs" radio program, Victor Mature, a soldier, hears he's heir to a fortune, but there's a catch to it. He must marry Lucille Ball, who is betrothed to another, but Vic wins her—in seven days. Rôle of cocky heir is a natural for Vic. Silly, but gay. Cast has Ginny Simms, Marcy McGuire, Fred Martin's and Les Brown's bands.

A YANK AT ETON—M-G-M. Mickey Rooney plays the disgruntled, typical American boy, who rebels against Eton's customs and traditions, when he is sent to England's famed school instead of Notre Dame. Story slows up in spots, but when Mickey cuts up in his inimitable style it picks right up again. Freddie Bartholomew, good as the stepbrother; Tina Thayer, as the girl friend, overacts.

BAMBI—Disney-RKO. Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, the deer, Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal. Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late John Barrymore, proves she has acting ability in this hilarious farce which gives her a chance to play a 21-year-old actress who poses as a child to aid her mother's (Kay Francis) romance with the handsome John Boles. The many character changes make the tempo of the story uneven. Robert Cummings is excellent.

THIS ABOVE ALL—20th Century-Fox. Here is a picture to tear your emotions to shreds. It's the film version of Eric Knight's best-selling novel about England in this war. Joan Fontaine gives a beautiful performance as the girl who joins the W.A.A.F. and falls in love with a Handsome Stranger, played by Tyrone Power.

TALES OF MANHATTAN—20th Century-Fox. Tricky, but terrific. The tale of a top coat told in a series of short, punchy episodes with some of Hollywood's brightest stars—Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and Edward G. Robinson—at their best.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Paramount. Don't miss this! It's the gayest, most original comedy in months, with Ginger Rogers giving a grand performance as a wise gal who crashes a military academy disguised as a teenager and creates a sensation among cadets, not to mention the *Major*, Ray Milland.

MANILA CALLING—20th Century-Fox. A thrilling, action-filled movie about a handful of American radio men who are caught in the Philippines by the Jap invasion. It's exciting, even though the story doesn't always ring true. Lloyd Nolan, as the leader of the group gives a good performance. Cast also has Carole Landis, James Gleason and Cornel Wilde.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox. If you like musicals, here's one you must see. It's a lavishly produced song and dance film about the leading man of a musical show (Victor Mature), who falls for a chorine (Betty Grable), makes her a star, and then learns she's married to another actor (John Payne). It's gay, has catchy tunes and spectacular dance routines. Fine work by its stars.

New Year Predictions by Norvell

Continued from page 21

pictures, despite rumors of retiring in 1943. I predicted marriage for Miss Davis last year, and feel that she can find happiness in her present union.

William Holden, who is now with Uncle Sam, will be back in pictures when the war is ended. His chart is fortunate for 1943 and shows that war activities will in no way bring personal misfortune. His marriage to Brenda Marshall will be a happy one, with two children in the offing.

Such old Aries favorites as Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy may feel the urge to retire in 1943, but their stars promise another year or two of activity. No new stars born in this sign have taken the lustre from the roster of the older ones, which is proof that when once an Aries rises to success and power, he usually stays there.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

You will be more interested in business and financial matters during the first two months of 1943, for the stars have brought you some hard luck in the past year. You are now over your gloomy cycle, and can expect good fortune in your business and financial dealings. Jupiter in Cancer during the year ahead until July, favors promotions, increases in salary, and development of hidden talents. This sign rules the voice and often gives ability in singing and acting. During the months of April and May when the sun goes through your sign, it brings some interesting change in the home. Love problems will dissolve at this time, and bring you new romance, or even a chance for a very happy marriage. Some person who is now close in your affections may fade out of your life, but others will come through social contacts. Venus makes you very popular in 1943 and brings members of the opposite sex into your life prominently. If married and unhappy in your union, this year offers an opportunity for a successful solution to this problem, either through divorce or by patching up the difficulties. You are happiest in love with a person born in the signs of Virgo, Capricorn, Cancer, or Pisces. Travel is shown during the months of July and August of



Mimi Forsythe, beautiful Long Island and Beverly Hills socialite, has been screen-tested and signed to a movie contract by producer-director Gregory Ratoff.

1943. A chance for investments in real estate or stocks may come to you during the late Fall months. The year ends on a very optimistic note in 1943.

Predictions for screen stars born in Taurus

Glenn Ford, May 1. Army activity is indicated in 1943, with no active front line duty shown. A happy marriage is shown in his chart, with screen success at a later date.

Janet Blair, born April 23, who is seen to great advantage in "My Sister Eileen," has a truly brilliant future in her chart. 1943 will be one of her great years, but only the beginning of a very great career. Being Venus ruled, Miss Blair will be headed for the altar in 1943. Her chart shows another romance within three months, and there is no indication her present romance with a certain young musician, who is in the Army, will last. Happiness awaits her in her future marriage.

Anne Baxter, born May 7, is another Taurus-born who will bear watching in 1943. A happy marriage is shown for Anne in 1943 or 1944.

Tyrone Power and John Payne, both born in Taurus, will see active service in 1943, but their charts reveal that they are by no means finished with their careers. They will be back on the screen at a future date, not later than 1944.

Bing Crosby will do fewer pictures in 1943 than he has in the past, but they will be successful ones. His marriage happiness is shown to continue indefinitely. Like so many Taurus-born, home and children are most important to Bing. Will there be another baby born to Mrs. Crosby in 1943? The stars secretly blink out the message that there will be, and not very far in the distant future.

Shirley Temple fulfills my predictions for her some years ago, and will go on into grown-up parts in films for years to come.

Gary Cooper will add new rôles to his already extensive list, and will be much in demand with so many males in the war.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

This is the dual sign of the twins; you seldom know which road to take in life, and wind up by taking them both. 1943 is one year in which you must make a definite choice, otherwise you may miss the bus in some big opportunity. Infinite variety and change is indicated until May of 1943, when you should settle down to one definite career. With Saturn and Uranus going through your sign until May and June of 1944, it is difficult to overcome your restlessness. Pick your career carefully, and stick with it during the entire year. Avoid romantic complications this year, for you will have one or more romances and chances to marry, but this is not quite the right time. It is better to wait until 1944. The months of April and May are fortunate for business changes, and may bring better financial conditions into your life. During July and August your personal life changes, and social contacts are more numerous. Travel and change are indicated in the Fall months. Avoid quarrels and misunderstandings in the home during November and December. The health causes concern, especially the nerves, chest, and throat, during the Winter months of 1943. Best signs in romance or marriage are Libra, Aquarius, Pisces, or Virgo.

Predictions for screen stars born in Gemini

Alexis Smith, June 3. A successful marriage is shown in 1943 for this charming

newcomer. I predict the lucky young man will be Craig Stevens. She will become one of the screen's outstanding stars.

Rosalind Russell, another Gemini, gets a second wind in 1943 and grows into one of the screen's most popular players. Romantic disturbances are shown, however.

Sheila Ryan, also born on June 8, and who is only 21, will win her first important rôle in the first half of 1943. Success is indicated for some years to come.

Robert Cummings, who had just begun to find himself on the screen, when the war came along, will return safely to success in 1944.

Don Ameche will go right on and on and on, for Gemini's children never grow weary of their successes. No war activity is shown, for with his extensive family activities Mr. Ameche will be kept busy in the year ahead.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

This is the fourth house in the Zodiac and brings interest in home and marriage activities in 1943. If you are still unmarried at the end of this year, don't blame your stars, for several chances present themselves. This should also be one of the biggest and best years of your life. You have been struggling along for the past two or three years with indifferent success, but now with Jupiter in Cancer, your personal fortunes should increase. Do not be satisfied with your lot in life this year, but demand more and you will get it, either through a new position or through advancement where you now work. This sign is happiest in the home, and the women born in Cancer marry early and often have two or more children. The months of January and February bring changes in work or the home. The month of April holds a warning around the 15th for health, and to avoid an accident. May and June bring balance in the emotions and a new romance or a proposal of marriage. The most favorable months of the year for love or marriage are June, August, and November. For happiness in love choose someone born in the signs of Scorpio, Pisces, Taurus, or Virgo. The year is good for investments in a home or other income property, and especially favors members of your family, children and friends.

Predictions for stars born in Cancer

Olivia de Havilland will find happiness in



Luscious-looking June March, above, is one of the promising new starlets whom Warner Bros. plan to introduce to the motion picture public in the New Year.

career in 1943 and success in marriage. Ray Emerson, born July 8, and a fairly recent comer to pictures, will become one of the successful stars of 1943 and 1944. A marriage is shown within one year. Barbara Stanwyck. Travel in connection with war work, less picture activity in first half of year, but success for several more years. Good news for Barbara regarding husband Robert Taylor, who will be in the picture. Irene Dunne, a typical Cancer whose popularity never wanes. A return to more serious rôles. Happiness in the home. Health warnings in June and July. James Cagney. Time, stars and tides can neither wither nor impede this Cancer career. He will not go to war, and he will not leave the screen, as he is constantly threatening to do.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

You were born in what is considered the sign of the Zodiac, ruling the public, entertainment world, and the emotions. Many opportunities will arise during the first few months of 1943 for increasing your income. Investments are favored, and some travel or change in the home is shown. Before March and April conserve your money, watch the health, and avoid speculative ventures. Those who are single may find exceptional opportunities for happy marriages during the months of May, July and September of 1943. When Jupiter enters this sign in July, you may look forward to some important development that you have hoped for in the past. There is some worry about finances during August and September, but this is only temporary, as changes occur for the better. Work connected with the public, personality, or creative talents is highly honored during 1943. Writers, actors, artists, and publicity people may play a part in your life this year. Be cautious of accidents and danger to health in October and November of 1943. After that time you will have clear sailing until the end of the year.

Predictions for screen stars born in Leo

Maureen O'Hara, August 17. A somewhat better year. Warnings for health. Two marriages are shown in this chart, with uncertainty in love and marriage in 1943. Warren Douglas, a Leo newcomer at Warner's, is my choice for one of the year's most outstanding personalities. Warren is a combination of a juvenile Ronald Reagan and a mature Ronald Colman. The war will interrupt his career in late 1943, but he will return to great success. Norma Shearer, retirement from the movie scene in 1943. Myrna Loy, who is at last finding the happiness which is the lot of most Leo-born women in love and marriage, will remain married to her present husband indefinitely. I predict that she is not yet finished with her career, as she seems to feel, but that she will return to the screen at some time in 1943.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

You were born in a well-balanced sign. This rules work, food, clothing, and finances. You may expect a good deal of activity in all departments of your life in 1943, for Neptune left your sign this last October 4th, and went into the seventh house of marriage. You are now free for the first time in 14 years, and may expect good fortune in finances, love and marriage. You may have an offer in business during January or February which is very favorable. Two changes are noted in your life before June of this year. They may both be in business. Use your abilities in work where you can be an executive. Go into the publishing business, advertising, secretarial work, or around facts, figures and finances for great success in a career. If you have



Julie Bishop, who appears in "Action in the North Atlantic" with Humphrey Bogart, will make great progress toward screen stardom during 1943, says Norvell.

been married and are not happy, this is the year when a change is advisable. If single, and over 21, a good opportunity for happy marriage occurs around August or September of this year. Avoid confusion and dissension in the home in the latter part of the year. Travel by land during the Summer or Winter months. More social activity is shown, with less seclusion than existed in 1942. The months of November and December bring real fulfillment of your wishes for 1943, and a more settled future than you have had in years. For lasting happiness in love or marriage seek someone born in Taurus, Cancer, Capricorn, or Gemini.

Predictions for screen stars born in Virgo

Julie Bishop, born August 30, a newcomer to the screen, is slated for some interesting rôles in 1943. Her chart shows great acting ability, and lasting success. Once married and divorced, she will marry again in the latter part of 1943.

Jackie Cooper, child star now grown up, will have a definite chance for marriage in 1943. His "on-again-off-again" romance with Bonita Granville shows the confusion of the past year for Virgos. He would do well to wait until 1944 for a lasting marriage.

Claudette Colbert, born September 13, will last through 1943. Her popularity may dim somewhat, but like Garbo, also born in

Virgo, these Virgo stars become the sturdy perennials who often remain to cheer and amuse our children. Ditto Virgo-born Fredric March.

Martha O'Driscoll, a comparative newcomer to pictures, is Virgo also, and here to stay for some time. A lasting marriage is shown for Miss O'Driscoll in the latter part of 1943.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

You were born in the seventh house of the Zodiac, and are ruled by Venus. You thrive when others are in distress, therefore, the war brings you increased activity in business and finances, and no great losses or tragedies. You may have confusion in the love life, and lose some one who has been in love with you through a separation. Be careful in love this year, for some disturbance is noted during April and May. You are very capable in a business way and are due for promotion or advancement. 1943 brings two changes, one in the home, the other in business. Save your money, for some emergency may arise in the months of August or September. You are better off married than single, and should make your decision quite early in life. Choose someone born in Cancer, Pisces, Gemini, Taurus, or Capricorn. You will be somewhat restless in October and November of 1943, but this will pass; attend to routine matters, and promote the splendid ideas you have in business. Many actors, singers, musicians, designers, and models were born in this fortunate sign, so try your hand in the creative field if weary of the commercial grind. If married and not happy do not put up with an unfortunate situation, for you

can only be happy when married to someone who is perfectly agreeable in every way. Your sign rules marriage, partnerships and contracts, and you work better when teamed with a member of the opposite sex.

Predictions for screen stars born in Libra

Rita Hayworth, born on October 17, shows promise of being the outstanding star of 1943. Her charm and beauty are typical of Venus subjects. Her career will be as great as another Libra-born, the late Carole Lombard. Warnings in marriage are shown, however, for Miss Hayworth's chart holds three marriages!

Greer Garson, born September 29, is one of those Libra-born who possess charmed lives. I predicted when I first met this talented lady that she would go far. Now for 1943 I see even bigger things than she has so far done. A happy marriage is also noted in her chart.

Joyce Reynolds, born on October 7, is one of the new hopefuls. She certainly has a fortunate chart, and if given suitable rôles there is no reason why she should not live up to a splendid stellar heritage.

Linda Darnell, another Libra-born, who has fallen into a rut in her career recently, is due to have a resurgence in 1943 and will do some fine rôles. Two marriages are shown for Linda, with a divorce indicated in the first marriage.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

You were born in one of the strongest, if not the best, signs of Zodiac. Ruled by Mars, you may have all kinds of afflictions, but nothing ever gets you down. Some emotional disturbances may strike at you in the months of January and February of 1943, but you can master these by being calm and poised. If you have been in a rut for three years or more, make up your mind to get out of it by March of 1943 for you will have Mars helping you. Jupiter, planet of good fortune, favors you in work where you can use the excellent ideas you have. You are good in promoting others, in work connected with banks, insurance, and offices, or even in dealing with the public. A strong desire may possess you to take a long trip during the months of May or June, which you could follow with profit. Minor disturbances occur in regard to the family, but in general they will be more fortunate, for you will assist those close to you. If married, watch out for disturbances during August and September. If unmarried, do not take any sudden or rash action in 1943, but wait and be sure it is the right one. You attract the opposite sex strongly, but do not always get along well with most people. You should be most fortunate in a union with one born in Taurus, Pisces, Aries, or Virgo. You are generally the boss in the home, and do not mate well with Scorpio.

Predictions for screen stars born in Scorpio

Teresa Wright, born October 27, will have pronounced success in 1943. Her talents, as shown in her chart, are numerous, and she will distinguish herself in dramatic rôles. Her personal life is somewhat unfortunate, as an early marriage and a divorce are indicated.

Gig Young, born November 4, has already done one or two things of interest on the screen. This dramatic sign gives force of personality and this shows in Gig Young's chart. Marriage happiness and two children are also indicated.

Mary Beth Hughes, born on November 13, is another Scorpio who has not yet begun to do her best work. She should develop her singing voice in 1943, and do some extremely good parts.

Gene Tierney, whom I selected as the best bet of 1941, did well in 1942 also. I predict continued success in 1943, with some

danger of separation and divorce after the war from husband Cassini.

Evelyn Keyes, born November 20, will live up to her Scorpio birthsign in 1943. Most of the year's best bets are born in Scorpio and no wonder, for it is the most dramatic sign of all. A marriage is shown in 1943 or 1944, and a career that lasts for about five years.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

You were born in a sign of the Zodiac that gives great powers of mind and body. You have been suffering from lack of opportunity for about three years. This changes in January of 1943 and brings you a chance to improve your situation financially. You are good in any work where you must assume responsibilities. You especially like to meet the public, and enjoy sales work, teaching, musical activities, and creative work. The home may suffer at present from lack of co-operation and disturbances may enter into your romantic life, for there is a planetary shake-up in your life that ends around April 1943. Try to concentrate your attention on progressing in business and financial matters during May and June of this year, for Jupiter favors matters connected with income and investments. Watch the diet and health in the months of September and October, and avoid dangers in the month of December of this year. This sign rules travel, philosophy and religion, and often brings success through enterprises connected with such activities. 1943 brings only short journeys by land, more for pleasure than profit. Marriage happiness could seek you out this year, or at least, a new romance through a social contact. For happiness in marriage try to select one born in the signs of Aries, Leo, Virgo, Scorpio, or Gemini. A career and home activities may be combined for the average woman born in Sagittarius.

Predictions for screen stars born in Sagittarius

Lynn Bari, born December 18. It has taken a long time for this star to come out of obscurity, but 1943 definitely brings her into prominence in her career. Two marriages are shown.

Dorothy Lamour will continue her career, and obtain better rôles in 1943 than she has had so far. A new marriage is shown for this charming star, and lasting happiness in this union.

Mary Martin will make a few more pictures before retiring from the screen, but after 1943 her interests will be divided between concert stage and pictures. A second marriage is shown for Miss Martin.

Deanna Durbin will continue being a screen star, and although her husband is in the Army now, her chart shows they will later be re-united. Another marriage is shown in her chart, but she may work to overcome this.

Edward G. Robinson, Betty Grable and Susanna Foster will still be with us in 1943, although their charts show less activity than formerly.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

Your sign, ruled by Saturn, has brought you many disturbances in the past year. They end for you during the first three months of 1943. You should be able to promote yourself and your talents in some new position, and make some of the money that you deserve. Some problems may exist in regard to love and marriage. You are more fortunate in marriage after the age of 24 or even 28 and should attract those born in the following signs: Taurus, Virgo, Scorpio, and Pisces. You will have one or more offers of marriage, if a woman, and will have to choose between love and a career in the next year or two. You are of an original and inventive turn of mind, and often rise through your ability to man-

age another person's business. Financial affairs turn out successfully after the months of January and February of 1943. Jupiter in your opposition house of Cancer until July 1943 may bring delays, and some obstacles, so be alert, and ready to cope with emergencies that arise. The months of August and September are fortunate for investments. October and November are excellent for travel, romance, health and the home. Some danger may exist in the first two weeks of December. Pleasant surprises come through friends and relatives toward the end of the year. The year should be one of change, fulfillment, surprises, and one of two trips by land. A romance or chance for marriage may come through a trip or at a vacation resort.

Predictions for stars born in Capricorn

Dana Andrews, born January 1, will do excellent future work on the screen. Like many other movie players, Dana may be engaged in war effort in 1943, but he is assured of a ready audience upon his return to the screen.

Nancy Coleman, born on December 30, is one of the screen's younger players who will win outstanding success in 1943. A happy marriage is indicated in her chart.

Robert Stack will remain in war activity during 1943 and until 1944, but his chart is fortunate, and he will be back in pictures upon completion of his duties in the war.

Lois Andrews, another young Capricorn of promise, has another marriage awaiting her, and it will be happier than the brief sojourn with George Jessel.

January 20 to February 19—Aquarius

This is one of the very good signs of the Zodiac, and lucky indeed those born in it. There are more people in the Hall of Fame in this sign than any other in the Zodiac. You were born for fame and fortune, and should not be satisfied with less. During the past year it has been slow and somewhat adverse in romance, marriage, and finances. After February of this year you come into a truly good cycle that opens new doors of adventure for the future. Avoid complicating your life, and be careful not to rush into an emotional union that breaks. Marriage is a dangerous step for you, because you are apt to think with your heart, not your head. Many people born in Aquarius have two marriages or more. The late John Barrymore was of this sign, as also are Clark Gable, and Adolphe Menjou, all married more than once. Choose someone born in one of the following signs for the greatest happiness in love and marriage: Gemini, Libra, Aries, Leo or Sagittarius.

A new business venture should seek you out in March or April. Some travel may occur in May and June, with financial profit from business during the Summer months. Watch the health and avoid accident in August. You are happier in work where you can be your own boss. Try to train yourself along mental and creative lines. 1943 begins a seven-year cycle of prosperity in which you should be able to attract everything you want in life. Those married and unhappy should wait until the Summer or Fall to seek changes. Those desiring marriage could enter a union during November or December with success.

Predictions for screen stars born in Aquarius

Lana Turner, one of the screen's fortunate Aquarians, is due for even greater fame in 1943 than she has had. True to type, Lana's chart shows broken loves and marriages, with a fortunate union late in 1943 or early in 1944.

Ronald Reagan, who is taking time out from his career for a bout with Uncle Sam, is due to come back according to his chart and resume his career with success where he left off. Some marriage trouble lies on the horizon, so he must be careful!



Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden,
was announced by her parents shortly
before "Larry" went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting," Anne says. "I wanted to do my share."

She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, "In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you're not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I've always used Pond's Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so soft and smooth, and it's a grand grime remover when I get home."

Anne uses Pond's every night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond's over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. "Rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it yourself. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES! Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a "job-instructor" in training other girls.

She's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



A DARLING COUPLE! Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting all their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. "All I ever use is Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It suits my skin just beautifully." Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



Dolores Moran, born January 26, comes to pictures with a good chart, and excellent opportunities in 1943. Not so well known now, she will be before the year ends.

My nomination for outstanding future fame in 1943 is June March, brought out by Warner Brothers, and who has not yet made her initial bow before the public. She is Aquarius, and has what it takes, both in the chart and in talent.

Ann Jeffries, new starlet with Republic Studios, is another startling Aquarius personality to come to Hollywood recently. 1943 brings her excellent opportunities, and a chance for a happy marriage.

February 20 to March 20—Pisces

The past 12 years have been none too kind to those of you born in this generally placid sign. Neptune, your ruling planet, has been going through a sign of labor and difficulties, in opposition to your sun, and this changed on October 4th of 1942. You then entered a free cycle in which many new and interesting opportunities begin to open for you, and which should give sufficient impetus to carry you over the next four or five years of your life. If you are tired of your present work, change during January or February of this year. Use the talents you possess in a constructive way, and begin to seek expression in a new kind of work. You must be cautious in regard to the love life in March and April, for warnings exist in a love affair. No definite decision should be made regarding marriage until either late in 1943 or early in 1944. Social activities are indicated in May and June, with some short trip indicated by land in the latter part of June. Your home and family should thrive when you do, for you are generous and loyal and often help those about you. Be careful of accidents or health disturbances in the months of September or October, as some afflictions show in your chart at that time. For romantic or marriage happiness try to choose a person on the same mental plane as yourself, one born in the following signs is best: Cancer, Scorpio, Taurus, Gemini or Capricorn. You love the home, and are fond of entertaining your friends. 1943 brings an outstanding romance that may easily lead to future marriage.

Predictions for screen stars born in Pisces

Diana Barrymore, born March 3, carries on the fine traditions of the Barrymore family. Her chart is excellent, and 1943 brings her into special prominence in a dramatic rôle. She may find happiness in her present marriage, but some trouble exists in 1943 that she will have to overcome before she can be happy.

Richard Fraser, born March 15, is another of the newer faces that will be startling us older fans in 1943. His chart is well aspected, and unless Uncle Sam takes him pronto, some excellent work will issue from this source.

Madeleine Carroll, born in Pisces also, and threatening retirement, will be back again, for her chart shows she is not finished with her screen career yet. Her marriage to Stirling Hayden is not a fortunate one, and temperamental differences will cause them to part in the next year.

George Brent, Pisces-born, and now a flying instructor for Uncle Sam, will live to act another day. His chart shows he will be happy in still another marriage.

And, in closing, need we add that stars or no stars, heavenly or mundane, come wars, disasters, and tidal waves, that lusty quartet, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Herbert Marshall and Pat O'Brien, will go right on through, not only 1943, but the misty years to come, carrying high the indomitable banner of courage and determination evinced in their combined four score years before the cameras? Truly the old and the new are with us always!

"My Father Is a Hero!" Says Roddy McDowall

Continued from page 45

for the first time since they parted two years ago in Liverpool.

As Third Officer McDowall stood on the bridge he wondered, as so many other brave men at sea have done, just how his family had fared in his enforced absence. He knew that Roddy was appearing in pictures, the same as he had in England, but he wasn't quite prepared for the comfortable home in Beverly Hills and the success his son had attained in two short years. It seemed like a miracle.

Indeed it was a miracle, because Roddy and his mother and sister arrived in the United States with exactly forty-two dollars, the amount of money the British Government allowed to be taken from the country. Forty-two dollars is not much to go on even if you live on hamburgers. Something had to be done immediately to bolster the McDowall finances.

By a stroke of good fortune Roddy got a chance to make a test for Twentieth Century-Fox. When Darryl F. Zanuck saw the test he immediately cast the little English boy in "How Green Was My Valley." This picture established Roddy as a fine actor and won him a contract. The McDowalls' financial troubles were over. Everything was fine except for that deep longing for their loved one on the high seas. So Thomas's unexpected visit made their happiness complete.

"Those few days Dad spent with us were wonderful," Roddy said. "But I'm afraid he didn't get much rest. I just couldn't let him out of my sight. So he came to the studio with me every day. People there tried to get Dad to tell them about his adventures at sea. But he'd just shrug his shoulders and tell them the only important thing is that the Merchant Marine ships get supplies to our troops."

"Surely he must have had some interesting experiences," I persisted.

"Yes, he did," replied Roddy wistfully. "After dinner each evening he'd sit in an easy chair and light up his pipe. I'd sit at his feet and he'd tell me a sea story."

"I bet listening to his stories was more thrilling than going to the movies."

"Well, they were awfully exciting," Roddy agreed. "You know one time his ship was in the middle of the ocean. Dad was on watch. His duties are to stand watch on the bridge four hours out of every twelve. Four hours doesn't sound like a long time but when it's cold or there's a storm it seems like forever."

"It certainly would to me," I agreed.

"At this particular time they were sailing in dangerous waters. There was a good chance of a sub lurking around, waiting to torpedo them. If I had been in Dad's shoes I'd have been scared to death. But I guess he just figures it's part of his job. Anyhow, he suddenly saw something floating in the ocean. When the ship got a bit closer, he saw it was a life-boat filled with men. He immediately notified the Captain. You see it's up to the Captain to make all decisions."

"But what decision would he have to make? Naturally he'd pick the men up," I insisted.

"It isn't as easy as that," Roddy informed me. "If he stopped the ship it would become easy prey for the enemy. After all, there was a lot at stake. But lucky for the shipwrecked men the Captain himself had once tossed about in a lifeboat. So you see he knew the almost unbearable hardships those men were going through."

"So the Captain took a chance and picked the men up."

"Yes, he did. The officers kept close watch, while the sailors rescued the men. All the time they half expected to be blown to bits."

"I imagine they gave a big sigh of relief when the men were safe on board," I interrupted.

"Anyhow I guess they were happy when the ship was on its way again," Roddy agreed. "But the amazing thing Dad told me was that as soon as the rescued men had been given dry clothes and food they began to talk about what ship they'd sign up with when they reached shore. They weren't a bit discouraged by their disaster."

"But my favorite story," continued Roddy now thoroughly warmed up to his subject, "is about the time when one of the crew was taken seriously ill. No one could tell what was wrong. He was in awful pain and needed a doctor."

"Isn't there a doctor on the ship?" I asked in amazement.

"You'd think there would be, wouldn't you? But there isn't. The men depend upon their knowledge of first aid. If a doctor is really needed they can flag a doctor from another ship."

"And that's dangerous."

"Yes, and the sick man knowing this, begged the Captain not to get a doctor. I guess he thought he could fight it through alone. Anyhow, he kept insisting that the Captain mustn't take a chance of endangering both ships and their important cargo needed by the fighting men. Why sacrifice several lives for one?"

"He must have been a very unselfish man," I said.

"Dad said he was unselfish and brave," Roddy agreed.

"How did it all turn out?"

"Well, the Captain really didn't want to but he finally let the sick man have his way. It must have been hard for him to watch a man suffer and not be able to do anything."

"That night the crew took turns sitting at the bedside. None of them expected the sick man to live until morning. But you know, the next day he had improved. Wasn't that amazing? By the time the ship reached its destination the man was back on the job. Isn't that wonderful?"

"It certainly is," I agreed. "What do you suppose happened?"

"Dad says the sick man's strong faith was better medicine than anything a doctor could have given him."

"Your Dad must be a very fine man."

Roddy's eyes were misty as he nodded in agreement. "I miss him a lot," he said. "Whenever mother will let me I go to the movies because I might see Dad in a newsreel. It could happen, 'cause once I saw Uncle Eric. They showed a newsreel of London after a bombing and one of the air raid wardens on duty was Uncle Eric. So I might see Dad someday."

Before I could answer Mrs. McDowall came in to remind Roddy that he had an early call for the studio so there was no time for any more sea stories. But after listening to those Roddy told me, I know how proud he is when he says, "My father's an officer in the British Merchant Marine!"



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"Commandos Strike at Dawn"

Continued from page 27

"Are you talking politics again, Mr. Bergesen?" his wife chided. She was such a pretty woman still, Mrs. Bergesen. No one would dream how many years ago it was since she had danced at her own wedding. "At a wedding, too?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bergesen," he said. "At a wedding too. In church, at dinner, in school, in factories, in bed I talk politics." Then as the others laughed his voice went on, bitter with foreboding: "Laugh! Laugh now. Later I will laugh except that then I won't feel like laughing. Garmo!" He put his hand on the arm of the old fisherman. "You're a patriarch. You sail God's oceans, you're familiar with storms. Garmo, what do you say?"

Garmo smiled and shrugged. "The her-ring will run, Germans or no Germans," he said.

"I must drink." Bergesen's voice was flat with despair, as he drained his glass. "Tell me, Admiral, is England asleep like this too?"

"Perhaps." Bowen nodded. "Dozing a little I'm afraid."

"We are asleep!" Bergesen's voice rose. "Look what happened to Spain, look what happened to Abyssinia, to Manchukuo! We dance, we drink. Ridiculous! Guns airplanes—" He shook his head hopelessly. "Why do I talk? It is only bad for my stomach. This is a wedding. I'll dance. Forgive me." And holding out his hand to his wife he led her out into the room.

The tension went then. Again there was laughter, dancing.

"I've never seen so many beautiful girls in my life," Robert said as he waltzed past his sister and Eric. "I'm honestly thinking of living in Norway for the next five or six years. What is it in the Norwegian climate that makes all the girls so beautiful?"

"Is that typical English talk?" The girl in his arms giggled.

"Oh, no." Robert looked from her to the others. "Eric, the lady wants an honest answer," he called. "Would you say I'm a typical Englishman?"

"Well," Eric hesitated. Then he saw the answer in Judith's smile. "No," he said. "Of course I've only met about ten Englishmen in my whole life. I'm not what you'd call an authority."

It had been gay like that in the hotel. But the best part had come afterwards when they had gone outside.

"I'll always remember this," Judith whispered. "Apple blossoms, snow-covered hills, the stars like ice, those sweet, polite, civilized people inside. I'm coming here every year, every vacation I have." She looked back at the hotel. "What a pleasant place to hold a wedding."

"Yes." Eric stared off toward the distant hills. "I was married there, too. It would be very lonely if it weren't for my little daughter."

"Where is she now?" Judith asked.

"Up the street asleep, I hope." His grave smile came. "With the children of the others."

"Might I see her?" Judith asked, and as he took her arm and they started to walk up the street they heard a girl's soft laugh coming from the shrubbery on the hotel grounds.

"No, I said no, Hans," the voice whispered.

"Norway is not so different from any place else," Judith smiled.

"Spring," Eric nodded. "The snow melts on the hills, the buds come out on the trees, the salmon come home and the girls say, 'I said no!'"

Still laughing in that low, breathless way they came to the house where the children were sleeping. They were all ages and sizes and they were tucked in everywhere, the youngest in baskets on the floor, the others lying crossways on the two huge beds and huddled together on the couch that had been brought in for the emergency. And Judith's heart stirred in that strange, unexpected way as they stopped in front of the little girl lying nearest the window.

"This is Solveig," Eric said, and though the child was so fair and Eric so dark, Judith would have known this was his daughter. The small face was so grave, even asleep, and there were the same high cheek bones, the same almost imperceptible tilt to the corners of her eyes. Judith couldn't help leaning over and giving her a quick, light kiss.

"I'll be sorry to leave tomorrow," she whispered, and Eric knew he couldn't hold on to his heart any longer.

"The last two weeks, when I walk over the hills, I find myself singing," he said. "It has been very pleasant."

"Does it get a little grim living here, sometimes?" Judith asked.

"I—I really hadn't thought of it," Eric confessed. This was all he knew of the world, this fishing town he had been born in. And if the autumn winds were harsh and the short winter days bleak what other place did he know to contrast them with? "I'm kept busy. I observe the wind, the weather, the arrival and departure of various kinds of fish. I report every day to Oslo that there is fog here, or snow, that the barometer is falling."

"What do you do for amusement?" Judith persisted.

"Well," his slow, grave smile came, "I talk to myself! And I argue with Bergesen about the League of Nations. I ski in the winter time and I teach my daughter cooking and geography. She's up to Africa and scrambled eggs by now. Until you came, it seemed to me I led a busy, full life."

They weren't smiling now, either of them. They were looking at each other as if they were seeing each other for the first time and realizing in that moment how it would end. How it would have to end.

"How far is England?" Judith whispered.

"Across the North Sea." Eric felt as if he had been dreaming but now he was awake and knowing how impossible it was, that dream which had held him.

"How far is that?" she asked.

"A million miles," he said, and he looked at her straight and hard so there was no mistaking his meaning.

"It's getting late," Judith said. "I have to go." But still she stood there as if she could not go.

"Will you come back?" Eric asked. "Next spring, next summer, some time?"

"I'll be back," she nodded. "Sometime!"

Their hearts quickened as they stared at each other. He had only to reach out his hand to draw her to him, to hold her there in his arms. But he held himself rigid and so they had parted without a kiss, without even the touch of his hands on hers. But all through the summer and autumn and winter he had remembered, and often at night when Solveig was sleeping he had taken out the handkerchief he had found after Judith had gone and held it to his lips.

Then spring came again and with it the ending of the world he had known. Bergesen was arrested that first day the Germans took possession of their village and

Solveig clung to her father's arm and wept. "I don't like them!" she sobbed, closing her eyes so she wouldn't see the strangers in their gray uniforms. "Papa, I don't like those men. I don't like them!"

Only the children could say it. The others kept their stoic silence as their possessions were wrenched from them, their radios, their blankets, their food.

A year went by and then one day Bergesen came back to his village. Only it was hard to realize it was he for he looked like a scarecrow with the rags he wore flapping against his gaunt figure. They hadn't killed him, they hadn't been so merciful. Most of his teeth were missing and one eye was gone from his scarred face and his old proud walk had become the agonized shuffling of a cripple. Eric couldn't believe it was his friend until he spoke.

He went with him, back to his house. Mrs. Bergesen had often had need of his comfort in those tortured months of waiting but Eric knew she would have far more need of it now. His heart quailed as they went into the living room and he saw that her eyes held no recognition for the man standing beside him until with the accustomed assurance of long habit her husband took off his hat and hung it on the rack.

"I am home, Mrs. Bergesen," he said. She didn't flinch. She even found courage to smile.

"I lived through it. I came back," Bergesen went on slowly. "I knew they were bad but I had no idea how bad they were. Nobody, no civilized human being can know how bad they are." Suddenly he looked at his wife as if he didn't have the strength to hold back the question any longer. "Can you bear to look at me?" he asked.

She didn't answer. Instead she went over to him and her arms went around him and her lips pressed against his scarred face.

"Thank God, I was never a handsome man," Bergesen whispered as he clung to her.

It was a few weeks later that some of the men met in secret in the village. Eric was sure of the men he had summoned to old Korstad's house. Their host's son Gunnar, Bergesen, Garmo the fisherman and the schoolmaster. Only one small light was burning so the room was shrouded in gloom and Anna, Gunnar's wife, moving so slowly now that she was soon to have a child walked over to the tightly shuttered window and stood beside her mother-in-law as Eric talked.

"For many years we have made a serious mistake," he said, pacing the floor restlessly. "We believed we were living in a Christian, civilized world. But today we find we have been living in a jungle. Regu-

CAST

"COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN"

(A Columbia Picture)

Lester Cowan, Producer. Directed by John Farrow. Screen play by Irwin Shaw. Story by C. S. Forester.

Eric Toresen.....Paul Muni
Judith Bowen.....Anna Lee
Mrs. Bergesen.....Lillian Gish
Admiral Bowen.....Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Robert Bowen.....Robert Coote
Bergesen.....Ray Collins
Hilma Arnesen.....Rosemary DeCamp
German Captain.....Alexander Knox
Anna Korstad.....Elisabeth Fraser
Gunnar Korstad.....Richard Derr

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

lations were put into effect and we attempted to live up to them. Now we discover there is only one regulation, kill or be killed. I am ready to observe that regulation. I have come to ask you how we can change over in this jungle from the murdered Norwegian people to the murdering Norwegian people. We must learn to be gangsters, thugs, useful with knife, sandbag, dynamite, noose, club and poison!"

Anna's frightened cry stopped him. "Don't listen to him!" she begged. "They'll kill us all. We can't do anything. All we can do is sit and wait. Let the English win the war. Let the Americans win it, the Russians! We can't do anything except die!"

"I know how you feel, Anna." Eric went over to her. "I know how all women must feel at a time like this. But nobody is going to win the war for anybody else."

"Gunnar!" Anna caught at her husband's hand. "Don't listen to him. Come home with me."

"Nobody is going to get victory as a gift, Anna," Eric said gently. "We will only get what we earn and I propose that we earn a great deal."

"But the penalties?" Her anguished eyes looked from her husband's determined face to Eric's. "What if—"

"If anyone here wishes to leave, please go now," Eric said. "The rest of us will say nothing. We only ask that you say nothing."

But no one went. Gunnar stood there with the others, his arm around his wife, his hand stroking her hair as if she were a child. And Eric knew he could depend on these men. All of them.

"Good!" he said. "Now we start to cut our way out of the jungle."

There was much they could do. A handful of sand poured into machinery could sabotage a whole factory, a pinpoint of a hole drilled into a tank stopped a German car, fish going to Germany could be spoiled, boats sunk, ammunition dumps and gasoline reserves dynamited. There were the other things, too, things causing no damage save that which they did to the Nazi morale. The swastika cut down over an official building and the warm red, white and blue of the Norwegian flag hoisted in its place. The V for Victory signs springing up everywhere, traced in the mud of a country road, marked on walls, on the windshields of officer's cars, on the very tombstones in the cemetery.

But as Anna said, there was the penalty for those who were caught. And the first to pay was young Gunnar. He was to be hung there on the public square. The whole village lined the streets that day they took him from the hotel where the officers were quartered, but not a word was said as with his arms bound behind him he walked with firm steps between the men guarding him, that proud defiant smile on his lips. They were all there, his wife, his mother and father, his friends and the pretty girls who had danced at his wedding, all of them desperately holding to their emotions so they would not break down before the Nazis.

Then as he reached her, Anna broke from the crowd and walked alongside of him down the street. But even for her there was no tears, no faltering. She could have touched him just by stretching out her hand, but she did not try to reach him. She only walked beside him and the smile on her lips was as proud and defiant as his own. Only when they reached the place of execution did she stop and as the handkerchief was being bound over his eyes she turned and started to go back.

Her eyes were closed now as she walked. Then as she heard the Colonel's voice giving the first command she started to run in that blind, groping way and she might have fallen if Eric hadn't stepped forward and

pulled her back. Her face pressed against his shoulder as he held her but still she did not cry even when the last command came, when she heard the sharp crack of the trap door opening. And Eric's eyes stared in hate at the fat back of the Colonel standing there with his arm raised in the Nazi salute.

Eric saw that back again, late that night, saw it as he stood outside the Colonel's window at the hotel in the split second before he raised the knife he was holding and threw it. Then as the Nazi slumped over, he went.

There was no time to lose now. Only time to stop at his house and waken Solveig out of her sleep and dress her. And he made a game of their flight, so she would not be frightened, setting her high on his shoulder as they took the path up the mountains he knew so well. Bluebells and heartsease crowded the tall grass and the yellow furze and wild blueberry bushes brushed against his feet as he passed. And as he walked he told the child the fairy tales she loved.

"I'm very happy," Solveig laughed, her soft little cheek pressing against his. "I like the night time. When I grow up I'm going to stay up all night, every night."

"Shhh!" Eric cautioned, for her laugh carried far up here in the stillness. And then after another kilometer there were the lights of Mrs. Olaf's house and the friendly sound of a dog barking and the old woman's smile welcoming them as she took the child from him.

"Your farm's hidden up here in the hills," Eric said. "And if they do come, there's a better chance of your hiding the child."

She didn't question him, this man she had known as a boy. She only smiled as she looked down at the child nodding in her arms. It was a long time since she had held a small one, for her youngest grandson, Pedar, was a big, strapping lad now.

"I've hid the cow from the Germans and there's more milk than I know what to do with," she said calmly. "I'll get some for the child and then I'll put her to bed."

Eric heard their soft voices in the next room and up here in the mountains there was such peace that the horror below seemed far away and unreal. In a few moments he would have to be on his way again, now that the child was safe, but in the meantime it was good to sit here in front of the fire and rest.

He didn't know he had slept until he heard a sound in the room and opened his eyes to see Mrs. Olaf making up a bed for him on the couch.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "I can't stay here tonight."

"Don't be silly," she smiled. "You can hardly move, you're so tired. You'll be safe here. I'll sit at the window and watch. There's only one road they can come up."

"But how about your sleep?" he asked. "An old woman sleeps very little," she said. "Go, son, sleep."

"Son!" Eric sighed. "I haven't been called that in a long time." Then he looked down at his hands, clenching them. "You've got a murderer in your house tonight, Mrs. Olaf," he said.

She came over to him and kissed his forehead. "God bless you, son," she whispered. "Sleep well."

It was just after dawn that she saw the soldiers down the mountainside. "Quick! Get up," she called. "They're coming."

He dressed while she went in to rouse the child. There was no escape save down the road for on all other sides the farmhouse was surrounded by towering, unscaleable cliffs. Then he saw the well and after testing the rope hanging from the cross beams he picked up the child.

"Solveig, darling," he whispered. "Will you hold on to me very, very tightly?"

"Like chewing gum," the child promised. Mrs. Olaf didn't wait for him to make the descent into the well. She hurried back to the house and picking up the blanket Eric had slept in threw them on the bed in the other room. Then as she heard the bustling outside she quickly let down her hair and started fixing it over again.

"You're up early," the captain said suspiciously as he came in.

"On a farm women rise early," she said.

He gave her a long, hard look. "Eric Toresen is wanted for murder. Have you seen him?" And then as she slowly shook her head, "You know what the penalty for hiding a murderer?"

Again she nodded, her eyes meeting his squarely. But it was hard standing there at the mirror calmly combing her hair with the soldiers going outside, after that first search of the house, coming nearer and nearer to the well.

"Wouldn't it be nice," she heard one call "if this well was full of good Munich beer? I'm thirsty."

She waited, agonized, as they went over to it. Then at the Captain's sharp command they left it reluctantly. And when they came back to the door she knew it had been easier keeping her anxiety from them than this quick, warm relief. But the Captain wasn't through with her yet.

"Last night five hostages were taken in the town," he announced grimly. "If Eric Toresen does not turn up within the next few days they will be shot." He looked at her closely now. "One of the five hostages Mrs. Olaf, is your grandson Pedar."

"But he's only a seventeen-year-old boy," she cried protestingly.

"It is also possible to kill a seventeen-year-old boy," the Captain said sharply. His small eyes watched her searchingly but still she showed no sign. "Two days, Mr. Olaf," he warned as he wheeled and commanded the men to leave.

She had to sit down then. For the first time she felt the full weight of her years pressing on her. Pedar, her son's son! She had loved him more than her own children, this child of her old age. Then she remembered there was still something to do and she got up heavily and walked to the well. "You can come up, now," she said dully.

But women were strong up here in the mountains. She found she could still smile as she took the child from Eric as he reached the surface and that she could keep the man from knowing the turmoil in her heart.

"Solveig, darling," Eric said quietly. "I'm going away for a little while and you are to do whatever Mrs. Olaf tells you to do. And you're not to cry."

"I never cry." The child blinked back her tears. "You know that. And when you come back will you tell me the story about the princess who let down her golden hair?"

"Yes, I promise," he said. He held her hard as he kissed her. Then he put his arms around the old woman and pressed his grateful lips against her cheek.

"What a time in the morning for love-making!" she scoffed, then with a little tap on his arm, "get along!" And only after he disappeared into the underbrush did she find that she could still weep.

They no longer seemed friendly, these well-loved hills, now that Eric was an outlaw hiding in them. They were strange and forbidding, all those places he knew so well, the stream where he had swum as a boy, the gorge where he had first seen Judith. He felt like a ghost revisiting the scenes of his happiness and discovering they could bring happiness no longer. Then on the seventh day he heard voices and there was just enough time to hide in the thickets before the Germans came.

His eyes bulged then as he looked down on the open field below the cliff where he was lying. For as several soldiers ran to

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ard a haystack it opened and there was a huge bomber concealed under it. And the men got into it and it took off other planes appeared from the edge of the woods until finally a whole squadron of planes took off.

"Captain Lueger says that inside of two weeks they're going to have two hundred planes right here!" one of them exulted, and Eric's fists clenched listening.

The time for hiding was over. No matter what the price he might pay, he must get the news of the camouflaged air field to the outside world. It could mean only one thing situated here on this lonely coast, heavy bomber attacks on the English convoys to Russia, convoys so sorely needed by their valiant allies.

It was late that night when he reached Garmo's door and at first he thought it was because the fisherman did not recognize him, unshaved and dishevelled as he was, that he looked at him so coldly. But when as he was telling the story of what he had discovered the suspicion did not leave his old friend's eyes.

"Why do you tell me these things," he said at last. "Why come to me?"

"Garmo, I haven't said anything to you about this before," Eric pleaded desperately. "But I've heard you have a boat hidden. I know how quiet you have to keep in Norway today about everything, even with your best friends. Garmo, I want you to take that boat out, take a chance with me and get to England."

Garmo didn't answer—at first. Then he looked steadily at the other. "Where have you been for the last week?" he demanded. Before this, other men have disappeared, have fallen into the hands of the Germans, and when they got out bad things happened to their friends.

"I didn't fall into the hands of the Germans," Eric pointed out. "I—"

"After you left," Garmo said in that same cold voice, "five men were shot for the murder of Colonel Lobskin. Nils Skar, Karl Strom, Pedar Olaf—"

"Pedar Olaf!" Eric cried. He thought of the old woman up in the hills and his face was agonized as he got up. "I didn't realize," he said. "I'm going in to town and hand myself over before the slaughter commences again."

Garmo stopped him as he reached the door. His voice was as it had always been now that it was eased of its suspicion. "Sit down, Eric. Don't go. They're dead now in any case. Let the Germans know they're liable to be stabbed and shot and dynamited any moment and that no Norwegian will ever save his life by betraying his friends. Yes, Eric, I have a boat and I have seven gallons of gasoline and I'll take you to England, God willing!"

Until the night of departure even Eric didn't know the others who were leaving. Then as he waited at the appointed place he saw them coming one by one, the pastor, the schoolmaster, two young boys who had long wanted to go, Bergesen, and at the last Nostbye, the innkeeper. Only then did Garmo tell them where the boat was hidden, now that it would be too late for anyone to warn the Germans if there should be a Quisling among them. But as Eric started to follow the others he heard a rustling in the bushes beside the road and a woman's urgent voice whispering to him.

"Mrs. Nostbye!" He couldn't help the exclamation as he recognized her. And then as her hand frantically signalled him to silence he lowered his voice. "What are you doing here?"

"He warned them," she said. "Nostbye!" "No." He shook his head. "They didn't follow him. Nobody knows we're here except you."

"Yes, but they've set a trap!" Her sobs

came with the words. "They want to make sure that they get everyone of you. They're going to let you all go out in the boat and then the searchlights'll go on in the harbor and their boats will stop you. They've given him a whistle to blow, a special kind pitched too high for human ears to hear. But dogs can hear it and their instruments can catch the sound so they can locate you. I heard him, talking to the Germans, my own husband that I've lived with for twenty years!"

"You know, Mrs. Nostbye," Eric said, "we'll have to kill him."

"I know!" Her eyes were tragic. "I wish I could not be sorry."

Her broken cry followed him as he went after the others. They were ready. Everyone was in the boat except one of the boys holding it as he stood in the water. Then as Eric jumped in the other gave it a push and leapt in after him.

Eric took his seat beside Nostbye and there was no sound as they pulled down the fjord toward the harbor. Nostbye seemed nervous as he saw the other's unswerving gaze fixed on him and shifted uneasily on the seat. Twice he took his hand off the oar but each time Eric's eyes stopped him. Then as they neared the harbor perspiration broke out on the innkeeper's face and he pretended to sneeze as he took his handkerchief out of his pocket. But before he could use it, Eric turned and lunged at him, holding his hand over his mouth so he could make no outcry.

"Have you gone crazy, Eric?" Garmo demanded. And the others looked up appalled but at Eric's frenzied gesture they kept rowing past the guns and the unlit searchlights placed at both sides of the harbor opening and beyond them out to sea.

Still holding the struggling Nostbye Eric leaned over and picked up the handkerchief he had dropped and his heart was heavy as

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he felt the small metal object in it and realized Mrs. Nostbye had told the truth.

"A dog whistle," he explained, holding it up to the others. Then he started as the lights flashed on behind them as the Germans, afraid something had gone amiss, turned on the searchlight. But the little boat was safely out of its focus and Eric smiled with grim humor. "They seem to have lost something," he said. Then taking his hand off Nostbye's mouth, "Tell the boys what the Germans have lost, Nostbye!" he commanded. "Tell them how you were going to use this whistle."

"You're wrong," Nostbye protested hoarsely. "I wouldn't use it. I always carried it. I'm in the same boat with you, I want to get to England as much as any of you. Look!" He was getting desperate now, staring at the whistle in Eric's hand. "It's broken. It doesn't even work. Here, I'll show you!"

Eric pulled his hand away. Then with the others helping he got Nostbye down to the bottom of the boat and dragging out a piece of rope began lashing the man's arms behind his back.

"This is no place to hold a trial," Nostbye whimpered. "You're all excited and nervous, you won't listen to reason! I knew what I was doing. The Germans are going to win. They'd like us if we only gave them a chance. We've got to be reasonable. We live in a reasonable age. They have something new, something that works. What good does it do to fight? They have all the guns. You've got to be reasonable about these things."

They didn't answer, not one of them, as they reached down lifting him by the armpits and threw him over the side. Their faces were set as they pulled grimly on their oars paying no heed to the frenzied voice shouting from the water, not giving a second glance when he sank from view.

It was hard going, that trip over the North Sea so many others had taken before them. They had to be careful of their small store of gasoline so they rigged up the sails and sometimes the wind threw them back many miles off their course. But even that was better than the days they lay becalmed. Yet through wind and rain they came ever closer, so close at last that the submarine periscope moving across the surface of the water in front of their boat seemed grimmer than ever now that they had almost reached their goal. It was hard to lose with victory in sight.

Then thirsty as they were, hungry as they were, desperate as they were, they could still cheer when the submarine emerged and they saw the Union Jack unfurled before their unbelieving eyes. Nothing was as good as the sight of the flag, the hearty welcome given them, the good hot coffee sending life coursing through their frozen veins, the food slowly giving back strength again, nothing was as good.

And then here he was in London, Eric Toresen who had scarcely been out of his native village before, sitting there at the conference table with men high in the British combined command. And it was strange seeing Admiral Bowen among them so impressive in his uniform and gold braid, remembering the easy way of him on vacation and how simple and unassuming he had been. He seemed so formidable now sitting there tensely as Eric told of the airfield he had discovered.

Commander Harper, the officer who had been doing most of the questioning, looked at him sharply as he finished. "All that you have told us is very interesting, sir," he said. "Providing it's true!"

"That I can vouch for, Harper," the Admiral broke in, and he smiled for the first time as he looked at Eric. "Harper is a decent fellow," he said lightly. "But being an intelligence officer destroys all

faith in human nature." Then, serious again, "You know your country like the palm of your hand. Would you be willing to guide our Commandos to that airdrome?"

"I'd be grateful to the end of my days," Eric said simply.

It was as he was leaving the office that he saw Judith. She was in uniform too, looking so brisk and efficient as she gave the sentry some pictures. As she saw him the color fled from her cheeks and her eyes widened.

"It—it's not possible!" she said. And she went over to him and touched his arm as though to reassure herself of his reality. Her voice sang then. "You're alive! You're alive!"

"And in England, too," Eric smiled.

"I started ten letters to you." She looked up at him steadily. "But I never finished them." Then as the door opened and her father came out she smiled mischievously as she straightened to attention.

"Oh, you've found each other, eh?" the Admiral chuckled. But in a moment he was brisk again as he turned to Eric. "The wheels are rolling already. You and I are going to Scotland immediately to join our son."

It was hard leaving Judith as soon as he had found her. Eric looked at her as he was memorizing her every feature and putting them in his heart for safekeeping. But there was a lot he still had to learn about his beloved. He knew that the next morning when he woke from his night sleep in Scotland. He hadn't known a girl with her soft smile and gentle eyes could be so adorably stubborn until he saw her standing there beside her brother.

"I followed you," she grinned. "For the first time since the war I pulled strings. I just had to come up here." And then as Eric couldn't find his tongue at all she went on gaily. "Would you like to see the typical sights of a typical Scottish town?"

He would be leaving tonight with the Commandos and no one knew what fate would await him back there in his native land. But now he was with her. So far the fates had been kind. He was with her, sitting in the cozy tap room of the village pub, looking at her, listening to her voice.

"The truth is I tried to forget you," she said at last. "You know the things you tell yourself—big, attractive foreigner, all well out in his native woods but how will he look in a London drawing room and what would he think of my friends. You know, all that nonsense. I tried to forget you. I tried to tell myself, 'there he is in a town full of girls all looking like Greta Garbo. He probably doesn't even remember my name.'"

"I remembered your name," Eric said gravely.

"Did you?" Her quick smile came back. "What else did you remember?"

"I remember your lying against a tree with your hat pulled over your eyes, singing, and your brother said you were scared of the salmon."

"What a thing to remember for three years about a girl!" she laughed. And then suddenly serious, "Has it been bad?"

"Bad enough," Eric shrugged.

"It's been awful. I can tell by your face," she whispered. "I used to pray for you and Solveig. You're out of it now and somehow things are different. Norway's not so far away now. Somehow what country you belong to isn't so important any more. It's only what you're fighting for that makes any sense."

"Yes," Eric nodded. "It's a kind of universal citizenship, so we all somehow belong to the same state because we believe in the same thing."

"And that's the important thing," she said eagerly. "And somehow, suddenly I know that you look wonderful along a

Norwegian fishing stream and that you look wonderful in a London drawing room and that you look wonderful on a British battleship and that you look wonderful!" "Thank you, citizen," Eric said, leaning over and taking her hand. He was still holding her hand as they walked afterwards in the lingering twilight. Soon it would be dark. He would have to go. "For three years I've been thinking of this," he said. "Holding your hand, walking quietly in the night-time." "Weren't we silly?" Judith smiled. "Wasting three years. But we won't waste the next three. I have plans. There's a little cottage in the Lake District, with a tremendous garden and no neighbors and the lake's big enough to sail on and—" She looked up as Eric took out his massive watch and stared down on it. "What's the matter?" she asked. "It's late." His voice was guarded. "I have an appointment." "Can I walk you there?" she asked. "I'm afraid not," he said. "I have to go back to London in an hour." Her voice came wistfully. "When do you think you can get there?" "In three or four days," he said. "And then I'll go to the nearest phone, call up Edith Bowen and ask her to marry me." "What a wonderful way to spend your last day in London!" she whispered. Then seriously, "What have you got to do that will keep you busy for three or four days?" "Not much," he said. "Military secret?" she persisted, and as he nodded, her voice tensed. "You'll take care of yourself now, won't you?" "I'll take care of myself," he promised. Strange the way the memory of a girl's eyes and smile and voice could stay with a man and be realer than the eyes and voices around him. Strange the way it seemed as if she were beside him and that it wasn't his brother Robert he was talking to there on the deck of the cruiser taking them toward Norway. Strange the way part of his mind was working so coldly as he planned their coming raid with Robert and Admiral Bowen in the cabin and the other part was back in Scotland with Judith. Even after the landing boats slipped up the shore in darkness and the men leapt ashore, he was there. Yes, she was beside him all through the fast raid on the town's defenses with every move coming with the clocklike precision they had planned, striking at salient points with steady destruction. Overpowering sentries and radio operators with their bare hands for they had orders not to use firearms until their mission was completed. "The whole thing took six minutes," Eric said as they finished. "I thought we'd be able to do it in five," Robert nodded. "Remember?" Eric grinned in the darkness. "I once said I didn't think you were a typical Englishman. I was wrong." "Thanks," Robert grinned back. Then suddenly giving orders to the men who were to finish the job in the town when the signal came, he beckoned to those chosen to come along to the airdrome. She was close now, closer than ever as he led the way along the salmon stream where he had sought her so often in that dear, lost spring. All through the din of the exploding grenades they hurled at the battlefield and the machine gun fire as they swept across it dealing destruction, she was there. And she brought them luck. Eric knew that as their work was finished, as he looked down on the town below them and saw it in flames. Everything had worked according to schedule. The townspeople, all of them who wanted to go would be on the boats now waiting to pull to sea. Solveig

(Please turn to page 75)

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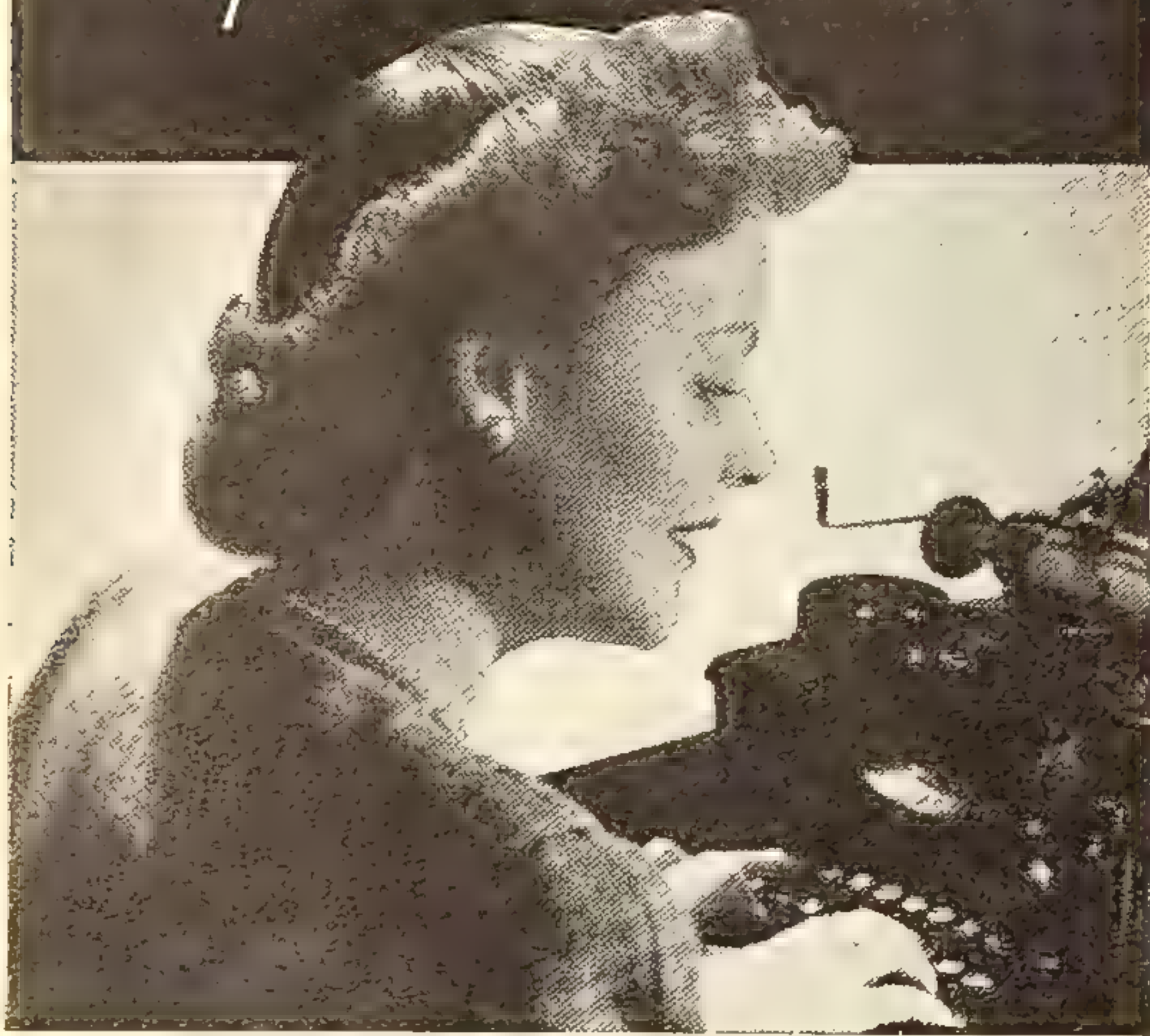
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Who Dates "Mrs. Miniver?"

Continued from page 22

line for her table. And a direct hit—for she accepted the invitation to dance. Soon her long red hair was swinging about her shoulders in polka time.

"Brother! Can she dance," said her partner. "The surprise is—'Mrs. Miniver' is just a young girl like Hedy Lamarr and Dotty Lamour. She's light as a feather on her feet. She's got instinctive rhythm!"

In a fast six minutes Greer's dance card was filled. But not one lucky partner danced her the width of the floor before his shoulder was tapped with a polite but decisive and firm, "May I cut in?"

As Greer danced, was she thinking of another boy in uniform, Ensign Richard Ney of the United States Navy, stationed 3000 miles away? Of the night they visited the Stage Door Canteen in New York and danced the polka, the rhumba, and did a bit of jitterbugging. Perhaps on this very night, somewhere far at sea, Richard, too, was thinking of Greer. Remembering, reliving that glorious weekend in New York. And the goodbyes, and renewed promises.

Somehow Greer's and Richard's meeting in New York, at the end of her war bond tour in the fall, had escaped the columns. They had managed by staying away from the Stork and Twenty-One. By prearrangement Richard had been granted two days' leave. They must make the most of their precious moments. There'd been a play to see—with dinner at a quiet little English restaurant. Then a long walk up Broadway, in the dimout. But still Broadway, the throbbing pulse of a great city of millions of people. Someday after the war, they said, they'd do a play on Broadway—they hoped. Exciting, treading the blocks, unrecognized in the darkness. Stopping for red hots and munching them at 42nd and Times Square. Planning—beautiful plans—of when the war is over. Then Saturday afternoon. A matinee—a ride in the subway for the lark of it. And dinner at a little Russian restaurant on 52nd—where the music is wild and gay. And gave Greer irresistible notions of dancing.

So back to her hotel—to don a filmy evening gown—one she'd bought especially for a date with Richard. Then over to the Astor Roof—dreamy waltzes—a new rhumba step they worked out together—a bit of jive Richard had invented. And it was all over—Richard reporting back to duty, and Greer to Hollywood. But the best part—the holiday had been all theirs. No press, no publicity, no public. Just a soldier and his girl making every moment of leave count!

Few at the Hollywood Canteen could have suspected that Greer might not have been the belle of the evening. That earlier she'd fingered her \$100 ticket and wondered how she could go without an escort. Like thousands of other girls, whose boy friends are in the service, Greer has the same escort problem. Then a happy thought. Perhaps her agent! A telephone call to M. C. Levee. Of course he'd be delighted. Yes, he had two tickets—and had planned on taking Frank Borzage, who is to direct "Stage Door Canteen," as his guest. They'd make it a threesome.

Three nights later Greer was back at the Hollywood Canteen—by an ovation of requests. This time she passed out sandwiches at the snack bar—and autographs, too. Her dancing feet simply couldn't behave as Hal Grayson's orchestra gave out in danceable tunes. On the way home Greer and Harry Crocker, a Los Angeles columnist, who hails from one of San Francisco's oldest families, a music lover and globe-trotter, stopped at Mocambo's for a twirl around the floor. Dancing is Greer's pet pleasure.

Greer might easily have been a dancer,

had she not chosen to become a dramatic star. She has a natural sense of grace and rhythm. Ask George Montgomery, Lew Ayres—any of the boys who've dated her—not to mention Richard Ney!

George Montgomery? And Lew Ayres? You didn't know? True, Greer's private off-screen life has been really private. The world and Hollywood accepts Hollywood's lovely red-head in terms of the delightful "Mrs. Chips" and "Mrs. Miniver." Actually Greer is one of Hollywood's most glamorous beauties, fun-loving, witty, gay, vivacious. But unless you know Greer personally, you never really know the real Greer at all. She has no conception of American publicity. She has the English traditional stage point of view. An actress discusses her rôle—the plays and the parts she prefers—hopes to play. She may discuss clothes. She may even be so personal as to give a glimpse of her home life. But her personal romance—never. That is sacred unto the individual. That's the way it is in England. And America has never bothered to sit down and tell Greer—that the thousands of fans who see her on the screen—who love her as "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Chips"—want to know all about her. They want to know if her life is happy and gay and exciting. And above all—her real romances. Do they parallel her screen ones?

So this is the story that Greer would not tell—simply because she doesn't understand the American point of view regarding publicity. That we are all so much interested that we simply must know more about her—even if we have to pry a bit.

Greer was starring in "Old Music"—a comedy part which presented a naughty but nice and very frisky Greer. Out front sat Louis B. Mayer, Robert Ritchie and Ben Thau of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—in London seeking new talent. All three were deeply impressed with this delightful girl. After the final curtain, they sent their cards back stage—which arrived on a silver tray, with dozens of others. "No," said Greer to all of the cards. But the doorman politely interceded. "Miss Garson, these three cards are not from stage-door Johnnies. They are from gentlemen from a Hollywood movie studio—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." Greer glanced again. "Goodness," she exclaimed.

Needless to say Greer dined with the three gentlemen from Hollywood. To Mr. Mayer, Greer was a potential M-G-M star who could take her place in the glittery star-studded roster of Gable, Taylor, Crawford, Turner. The deal was closed. Greer came to Hollywood. Until now she had never had an agent or a publicity man. She was bewildered at the Hollywood press. "The personal questions they dare pop at you!" To all of them, Greer smiled charmingly, but she was completely evasive. There just didn't seem to be a romantic side to write about Greer Garson. In time and in final desperation it was forgotten that there might be one.

Nina Garson, Greer's attractive white-haired mother, was—and is—her constant companion. They lived quietly in a simple little house in Beverly Hills, with two Siamese cats and the French poodles.

Greer was restlessly ambitious. But until the right part came along, she was to remain idle. Mr. Mayer saw her as a great star. She had to be introduced in the right vehicle. Perhaps she might reduce a bit—to photograph more glamorously. In spite of her eighteen-inch waist, but broad shoulders, Greer reduced strenuously and between diet and inactivity, she became physically ill. She was weeks in the hospital. Then came a test for "Toy Wife"—which fell to Luise Rainer. There were other tests,

no suitable parts for Garson. Greer herself says she "enjoyed the people I met individually. But I grew to hate Hollywood collectively."

Then, as is well known, came the rôle of Mrs. Chips—a week before her contract was to expire. And fame!

All the while in Hollywood, Ben Thau, M-G-M executive, attentively escorted Greer and her mother to the theater, to concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. The medium studio business was the fore-runner of powered personal attraction. There are those who insist that he would have much preferred to place Greer under contract as Mrs. Thau—than to see her leap to stardom "Mrs. Chips."

After Greer's American début, she was claimed whenever she appeared. The photographers were now aware that she was Mrs. Chips. Came endless pictures of Greer on the arm of Mr. Thau. Usually her mother is on the other. And because the three seemed so devoted, the news spread that wedding bells were in the offing.

Then came the surprise of Greer Garson's marriage years before to an Englishman, even her studio. But it explained her accessibility to the many young cavaliers who would have made her as popular as Betty Lamarr.

Free again, Greer still pursued her policy of personal privacy. Even Garbo's dates are next day's column's news. But who is "Mrs. Chips" was, has been, and is Hollywood's \$64 question. The young men who found favor in Greer's eyes were acquainted with her reluctance for front page romance. She considered such publicity undignified. They complied with her wishes. There was the handsome young English actor who was a frequent dinner guest. When Greer did appear at Ciro's and Mombos there'd be her mother and at least four others along.

Greer, who loves the sea, found an adorable little cottage at Pebble Beach, a few miles removed from Hollywood. She bought it and christened it "Quail Haven"—her hide-away spot for complete rest. For weeks Greer visited antique shops, gathering bric-a-brac, huge mirrors with sea-shelled frames, South Sea Island fiber furniture—its furnishings. And weeks on end she'd spend at Pebble Beach—lazing and resting on the sea, with her mother, and the poodles, GoGo and Cliquot, and books for company. It so happened that George Montgomery, who was taking Hollywood in stride as the newest romantic star, drove down to Pebble Beach with some friends for a weekend. After an early morning dip, George relaxed on the sand for a sun tan—and was just napping for a nice snooze when out of nowhere two bounding French poodles came leaping by, scattering sand in all directions. Rubbing the sand out of his eyes, George looked up to see a lovely red-headed girl chasing the dogs—trying to retrieve their mishap. Motivated by her beauty, George took to the chase. When GoGo and Cliquot were once again in hand George was surprised to discover their owner was no less than Hollywood's Greer Garson. It was fate, he decided. Like a movie, Greer conceded.

They had tea and crumpets at Greer's cottage—which was just next door. A long talk in the moonlight with the Pacific blowing mist and wind through their hair. When Greer returned to Hollywood she found George's welcome of five dozen red roses.

Friends noticed large bowls of water-lilies—and to a few Greer would confide, smiling, "They are from that very good-looking George Montgomery."

George and Greer went dancing too. Strictly off-the-record. They shied away from the Hollywood night spots. A small Russian restaurant with a postage stamp price floor. A tiny restaurant down by the sea, with a juke box grinding out melodies.

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Loretta Young, as she appears in Columbia's "A Night to Remember," musical comedy-mystery film in which she co-stars with Brian Aherne.



George was certainly a young man who could keep a secret. To this day he has never divulged that for months he was the lucky man claiming Greer's attention.

Greer looks like a painting, at home in her long-sleeved flowing house gowns of soft crepes in a flare of unsuspected colors—greens, grape-purples, pinks, flame-reds. She would have been the darling of France, had she lived there in the old days of salon gatherings. Greer loves music, good food, and brilliant conversation in the drawing room. She gathers interesting people about her. Visiting maestros appearing at the Hollywood Bowl concerts, of which Greer is a devoted patron, and Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, the glamorous Hedy Lamarr, Reggie Gardner and Norma Shearer.

Greer's cook serves an excellent dinner at seven thirty. Broiled English style chops, a mixed grill of lamb and liver, or steak with mushrooms—and sometimes rare roast beef. A fruit salad and light desserts of apricot upside-down cake, a frosted fruit ice—are typical. Then demi-tasse in the big living room done in soft shades of green and egg-shell. Greer doesn't drink or smoke. Sometimes she has a glass of wine with her dinner.

Two big concert grand pianos stand in one corner of the living room. Greer's love of good music created a bond when she met Lew Ayres at the studio. Lew plays several instruments and before he left for the service he composed delightful compositions. It was natural that Greer would invite him home for a musical evening. It was natural that Lew should invite her on a dancing date. On this occasion, one of Hollywood's sleuths spied the pair. Next day there was mention that Lew Ayres and Greer Garson

were a "new heart-beat."

"That sounds dreadful! 'Heart-beat,' indeed," Greer said—a bit shocked by it all. "Why, we've only just met. What will Mr. Ayres think?"

Lew and Greer never went dancing publicly again. But they enjoyed each other's company. And in Greer's own quiet way—at home.

In the interim a very good-looking newspaper man, on the Jeffry Lynn type, loomed into the Garson attention. He had a habit of dropping in at Greer's comfortable home at tea time. And he accompanied Greer and her mother to the concerts at the Bowl. Hollywood believed he was on a mission of official business.

Then came Richard Ney. Greer met him on the set of "Mrs. Miniver." She was intrigued by his gay young banter. His enthusiasm. His impetuosity. Fun-loving, he inveigled Greer into their first date. And when she found his accepted offer to drive her home meant dinner on the way, she laughed heartily at his conniving. Greer was to find that Richard was not to be put off. He had a way of dropping around—with a couple of his pals—quite unannounced. His sports convertible also had a way of driving right up to Greer's house. And when she moved into the new big house in Stone Canyon, Richard came in very handy with his pals on moving day.

Soon Richard's appearance was a regular occurrence. Nina welcomed his gay banter, too. So did the poodles, who approved him with joyous barking. His reckless determination, his masterful domination first amused Greer—then intrigued her. And before she knew it, she was in love.

Knowing that Richard would soon leave

for the service made the two all the more inseparable. And then came the day he was to go. Greer did not accompany him to the station. Instead they dined quietly in her garden—under the big oak tree. What they said to each other, only they knew.

It was Greer who caught the wedding bouquet at Norma Shearer's wedding. Which means she will be the next to marry—if you believe in tradition. Norma threw her arms around Greer and in her own happiest hour whispered she hoped it would be soon.

"Mrs. Miniver" was released. Greer and Richard shared the joy of its success via the long-distance telephone. "I'll be in New York soon. I'm coming on a bond tour. I'll get to see you. Try and arrange your schedule to meet me in New York."

So it was that "Mrs. Miniver" made her first date with Uncle Sam. Greer says the funniest incident on her tour occurred when the Chattanooga Choo-Choo choo-chooed into Chattanooga. The trip had been strenuous, to say the least. Greer wanted to be especially vivacious, at her very best. Before her departure her mother had given her a box of vitamin tablets. Greer supposed they were the usual five-grain. Her mother had ordered ten-grain. Greer took five—and ten minutes later all but succumbed, right out of this world. Beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead. Then a red rash. Her studio representative thought she was dying. So did Greer. But she did recover. As she says, she "was the peppiest Hollywood actress anyone ever saw. A regular dynamo." In fact when her appearance at a T.N.T. factory was cancelled, because the government decided the 13,000 men employees would lose labor hours in the excitement of Greer's visit—she said, "It's for the best. I'm so full of vitamin sparks, I'd probably have blown the place up."

Everywhere Greer was hailed as "Mrs. Miniver"—which was breaking record piled up by "Gone With The Wind." There was the young soldier, George Fuller of the Air Corps, who was walking home from Tennessee to Boston on leave. He had saved his transportation money. But he attended one of Greer's bond selling rallies where she tried to auction her bouquet of roses. The town had bought bonds to the hilt. There were no takers for the roses. Greer walked off the stage a bit ruefully. Young Fuller gallantly rushed up to the wings—and handed Greer his \$18.75 for a bond. Greer repaid him by inviting him to dinner. The next morning he sent her six fresh roses. He said he could not see disappointment cross "Mrs. Miniver's" face.

There was Vice Admiral Emory S. Land of the Maritime Commission, who introduced Greer to the workers at one of the defense plants. "This is the first time I have ever been on a platform with a movie queen," he said. "This is the first time I have ever seen a red-headed movie queen who is T.N.T. herself—and in a hot machine shop!" How the workers applauded.

Afterwards Greer mentioned something to Admiral Land about how exciting it must be to launch a ship. Three weeks later she received a wire saying, "Your ship is ready for launching—the 'S.S. Smith Thompson' at the California Ship Building Yards."

For four weeks Greer made twelve appearances and four speeches a day selling bonds. In Washington, D. C., she rested in a hospital under doctor's orders. And then came her meeting with Richard Ney in New York—which until now has been unreported.

The men who know Greer say she is the most charming and attractive girl they've ever met. George Montgomery says she is not only very beautiful but "most gracious and fascinating." The service lads at the Hollywood Canteen say, "What a gorgeous girl! And brother, how she can dance."

"Commandos at Dawn"

Continued from page

would be among them and soon
here to join her, his work done.

But it wasn't going to be as
As they neared the entrance
there was a sudden spitting
machine gun bullets whizzed
they ducked to safety. Eric re-
was hidden up on the cliff.

"They can pick us off one
come out," Robert said. "Is there
any way we can get down to town?

"We could go back to the
down through the road," Eric
it would take us twenty minutes
there and an hour to get down
road."

"And we'd have to fight
the airfield by now," Robert
transport's due to leave in twenty
He ducked as another hail came
"It seems to me they are
above to the right."

"I know where they are
There's a little grassy spot
looks this spot. Nothing in the
fire. And I know how I can
just a chance that I can
about fifty yards, climb up
get round behind them."

"I'll come with you," Robert

"No," Eric shook his head
be done very quietly, and I
here who knows this bit of

He had almost reached the
his foot hit a rock which
toward the Germans, striking
so that he wheeled around
Before he could throw his gun
man fired and Eric sank to
with a superhuman effort he
self upright again and threw
But only after the smoke cleared
he stumbled toward them where
they were dead.

"All right!" he called. Then
down he stumbled and fell. As
ran toward him he thought it
who had come back to him.

Down below the Admiral was
he looked at his watch. In twenty
they would be leaving. The inexperience
of the Commandos brooked no doubt
though among those men who had
returned was his son and the
daughter loved. Then a cry went
the people crowding the deck and
the running figures coming down the
They were all there, he thought in
exultation. But as they came on board
saw that Eric was missing.

Robert didn't say anything. There
was time for words later. Clenched in
his hand was the handkerchief with Juc
initials he found in Eric's wallet where
had removed it from the dead man's pocket
And as he walked over to the bow of
boat where Solveig was sitting on
Bergesen's lap, the sleepy child's head
drooping, his eyes clouded for the first time.

Only when the boat began gliding
into the harbor did the child stir. "Our
house is burning!" she whimpered, looking
back at the blazing town.

"Yes, our houses are burning," Mrs.
Bergesen said gently. "But we are coming
back, very soon. Very, very soon, darling."

And Mrs. Olaf sitting beside them
looked up at the dark forest above them.
The mountains, her eyes straining toward
the house she could not see.

"Yes," she nodded, and the promise
there in her voice too as it had been
Mrs. Bergesen's. "We will come back."



IN-TOWN MATTER

sip hounds reported Bette
thur Farnsworth were ex-
k. This was denied. Next
ette and Farny were sepa-
cedure. Current rumor has
adopting a little boy. Bette
and she should know.

cent front page publicity
s fan mail has increased
percent. There are the usual
of course. But the majority
as of all ages and all walks of
press their great faith in Errol
to support him and his films
he's grateful is to put it mildly





Above, service men at the Hollywood Canteen gather around gracious Greer Garson for refreshments, cigarettes, and autographs. Perhaps one of your "boys" is in this fortunate group.



After picking the winner, Lana Turner joins hubby Steve Crane, (lucky guy!) to watch the jitterbugs, and becomes a one-gal cheering section. Lana's a mean little jitterbug herself.

JENNIFER JONES is in Hollywood but Hollywood will have to wait to see her. This newcomer, who was chosen to play the spiritual heroine of "The Song of Bernadette," is going to remain "untouched" in the cinema city. She will give no interviews, attend no Hollywood parties, make no Hollywood friends—until after she has completed her rôle in the picture. 20th is determined that she look the part, which she does now, which was the reason she got such a great break. Wonder how much like the girl she will portray she really is in real life? Wait until her first interview.

ALAN LADD designed that charming locket for his Susy. It's gold, made in four sections. Three of them contain tiny pictures of Alan, Sue and her daughter. The fourth space features a question mark. It's reserved for a photo of the new baby, due in the Spring. What if it's twins, Alan?

GENE TIERNEY will have to be introduced to Oleg Cassini all over again. Just as she was becoming used to his U. S. Coast Guard Reserve uniform, he obtained official permission to be transferred to the cavalry of the U. S. Army.

THERE were no tears shed when George Raft bought up his contract from Warner Bros. Everyone likes George personally. But it was impossible to please him. The studio was willing to try if they could have only known what it was that George wanted. In "Background To Danger," George insisted that they change the script and make him an FBI man. There was no reason for this in the original version. But George wanted it this way. Oh well, so the author will be surprised when he goes to the sneak preview! It won't be the first time that has happened in Hollywood.

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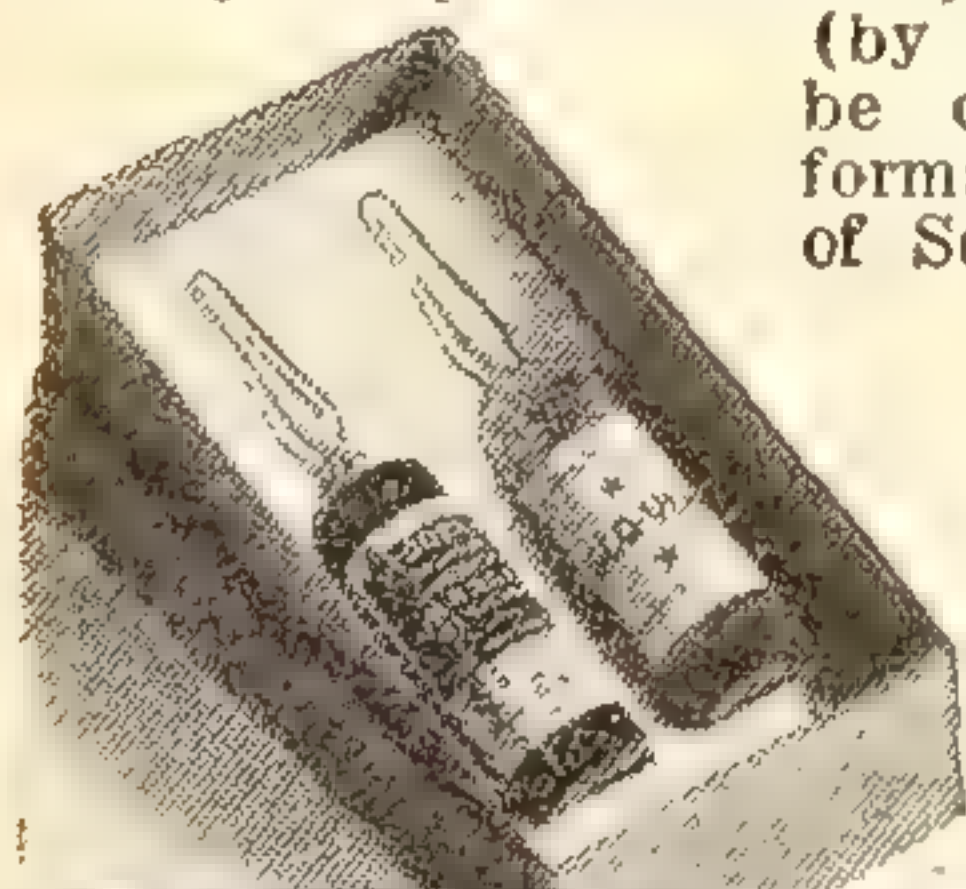
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Louis Gets the Low-down on Lupino!

Continued from page 31

Ida, *that* one. Instead of bursting into tears and holding up production she just burst into laughter, and held up production. She simply became hysterical with joy over her discovery of Mr. Woolley, and before six o'clock that evening had upstaged him in every scene. She learned from the hostess in the commissary that Mr. Woolley always eats alone. It's one of his chief peculiarities. He just can't bear to have anyone at his table when he is munching his vittles. So what does little Ida do? She bribes a whole batch of extras the next day to plop down at Mr. Woolley's table and start asinine conversations about the weather. Mr. Woolley was in a cold rage.

But the Beard is not one to take it without giving it. He found out from Ida's stand-in that the one thing Ida is fussy about on a set is visitors when she is doing a silent dramatic scene. Other times you can bring in the entire student body of U.C.L.A. and she wouldn't mind. But she's as nervous as a deer in a meadow (yes, I saw "Bambi") when she's doing silent dramatic scenes. So the wily Woolley waited until one of those scenes came along. Then he hired a lot of extras to dress up as visiting Rotarians, crowd around Ida when she was emoting, and drop such audible remarks as "I don't think she's so hot," and "She doesn't look nearly as pretty off the screen as she does on, does she?"

When I asked Mr. Woolley on the set one day what he thought of Miss Lupino he said with tart emphasis, "I like her better than anybody, because she has the most ghastly sense of humor I've ever met." When I told Ida this she said it was quite the nicest compliment she'd ever had.

Nearly everybody in Hollywood have faces down to here these days. Laughter is something we've all almost forgotten. So when people heard that Ida and the Beard were screaming their heads off and carrying on like a couple of insane screwballs over on stage nine, they drove in for miles around, in their horse and buggies just to hear laughter again. (I put in the horse and buggies just for fun, but in another two months it won't be for fun.) Ida entertained them by giving them an impersonation of Monty Woolley taking her to the Hollywood premiere of "The Pied Piper." "You will doubtless have to talk over the

microphone, Ida," Mr. Woolley told her. "For a change try to say something pleasant about me. Don't try to be brilliant. Just something kind. Such as, what a magnificent performance I give."

"I memorized the lines he wrote about himself," said Ida, doubling with laughter, "but when we got up to the mike, and Monty had made his little speech, he very un-gallantly shoved me aside, and fairly pushed me into the theater. Somehow or other, I don't think he trusted me. After the picture he took me to Ciro's, and we jitterbugged like two mad young things. I overheard a soldier say to Virginia Zanut, 'Well, Hollywood is really what they said it was. Look at that man with a beard twirling that girl with feathers!'"

Just in case you hear stuffy tales about Mr. Woolley in your bedroom I might as well take the starch out of them now. Mr. Woolley, it appears, has a habit of disappearing from the studio, just when the studio wants him most. The publicity department figured it out that inasmuch as Ida and he were so friendly on the set, in an insulting sort of way, that surely Ida kept up with his whereabouts. So one day a bright young p.a. asked your bride if she knew where Monty could be found.

"Why, of course," lied Ida, thinking it would be a fine trick to play on her pal, "he's at my home, right this minute. He's wall-papering my husband's bedroom. If you don't believe me, call him there."

Ida promptly forgot the whole thing. But the press agent called, and what do you think? A Mr. Ernest Willie, a professional wall-paper deluxe was there, and couldn't believe his ears when the maid called him to the phone and someone said, "This is the Twentieth Century-Fox studio publicity department. Would you mind stop papering Miss Lupino's husband's bedroom, and come over to the studio for an interview?"

Mr. Willie hasn't figured it out yet. Mr. Woolley figured it out all right, and has threatened to break your bride's neck.

It's a shame, Louis, that Ida has to give up your beautiful home for the duration. And just after you both spent so much money having it done over. She refuses to rent it, or sell it, even if she could. She's saving for the good days that are bound to come when the war is over. "Louis and I



Bonnie Manville, who was a leading showgirl in several New York musical successes prior to becoming one of John Powers' most sought after models, and before her marriage to playboy Tommy Manville, plays her first screen rôle in new film, "The Powers Girl."

ove our home," she told me. "I couldn't bear to think of anyone else in it. We'll come back to it when we've won the war."

Ida is still putting out songs just as easily and regularly as most people put out the hat. She has composed a whole flock of them for the RAF in Canada to use in their camp shows. She and Elsie Janis have been working on several beauties. And she has a well song which she has dedicated to you, Louis. But I'm sure you know all about that. I bet you were glad when she bought that second-hand typewriter, the Lupino handwriting being something she inherited from the gypsies. Well, I'm proud to tell you that the little woman has mastered the machine age, and types so fast we are going to enter her in the next typing contest.

She bought that typewriter to write letters to you. She's very proud of you, Louis. She tells everybody how you volunteered even before your citizenship papers came through. She's proud of the way you went about enlisting in the Marines—no fanfare, no publicity build-up, not even a picture in your uniform. She even told me about the cockroaches you have grown so fond of in your little room at the Marine Base. "I'm so proud of the Old Boy," she keeps saying.

Well, Louis, brace yourself, you won't like this, but you might as well know: Ida has lightened her hair again. But it's a beautiful golden blonde shade, perfect with her violet eyes, and you'll like it, really. When she first arrived in America she was a dizzy blonde—I know how you hated that. I was thinking the other day about Ida's arrival in Hollywood, and laughed all over again. She was brought over to play *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland," remember? A producer had seen a sequence in an English picture in which she played a sweet innocent lamb, and had decided at once that Ida was a natural for that bit of old lace they were cooking up. When, at Ida's suggestion, the producer saw the rest of the English-made picture—she was only a sweet innocent lamb in one sequence, in the rest of it she was a scheming murderess—he nearly had a fit, and Ida's deal for *Alice* was as cold as a tax collector's heart.) I remember you talked her into being a brunette when you married her. And right away she made a terrific success playing frustrated, neurotic women. Give Ida a gutsy rôle and she'll give you a performance so perfect it'll make your hair stand on end.

But, after all, the girl is young and pretty and ambitious. And she's bored to death with those neurotic, tied-up-in-knots women she has been playing. She wants to be young and glamorous and beautiful on the screen, for a change, and why shouldn't she? She thinks the blonde hair will do the trick.

Two things have influenced her greatly in her desire to be glamorous on the screen. (1) Her fan mail. She read me extracts from several fan letters. One said, "Miss Lupino, couldn't you possibly play a heroine in pretty clothes?" Another said, "I would like to see you play a part where you are young and gay and made love to by Charles Boyer." And another, "Why don't you let Bette Davis do all those frustrated women?" And still another, "I just saw the preview of 'The Hard Way.' Don't you ever get tired of playing those neurotic rôles? I get tired of seeing them."

(2) A crack I made. I just happened to say to her one day on the set of "Moon-tide," with Jean Gabin dragging her out of the ocean, and poor Ida looking like a drenched kitten—"Ida, if you ever get out of the water, and do a gay picture with lots of pretty clothes, I'll write a story about you and call it, 'Lupino Dries Her Hair.'"

Well, Louis, Ida has not only dried her hair, she's also lightened it.

Liza



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Girls! Don't Do That!

Continued from page 47.

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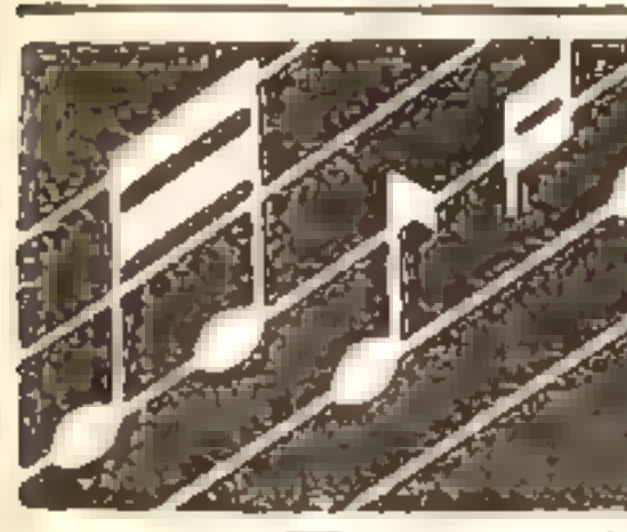
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my cherished dream of being a dramatic actress, so I walked out on the idea. Thus began the legend of Maureen being a 'don't' girl.

"Recently, in 'The Black Swan,' the bath question bobbed up again, but when I explained how I felt about it, the director changed the incident. Instead of being seen in the tub, I emerge from the dressing room, and neither action nor dialogue had to be changed for the new version.

"Luckily, I've not had to portray smoking or drinking on the screen, and I hope I never shall because I don't do either in personal life. Many actresses turn to cigarettes as an aid to emotional expression and it appears perfectly natural for them to use them in a scene. For me it would be all wrong. As for drinking, I only hope if I ever have to make such a scene it can be champagne or wine, not hard liquor.

"Often such moments in a picture can be changed. The first script of 'To the Shores of Tripoli' called for John Payne to meet me in a cocktail lounge, so I asked the director why it couldn't be changed to the terrace. He liked the idea and it added a picturesque touch to the scene.

"Don't think I create issues! That's not true. I'm not a rebel to spoil a characterization if either drinking or smoking are needed to establish a rôle in a picture. Should I ever be fortunate enough to draw such a part as Bette Davis' marvelous *Mildred*, I would go the limit to make the character ring true, and believe me, I'd learn to smoke and drink, sick as it probably would make me.

"Smoking and drinking are two issues every girl must face," Maureen continued. "Sometimes it seems smart and modern to fall in line, easier than being a target. Personally, when I attend a cocktail party I order lime juice and seltzer, or plain lemonade. Maybe there's a lifted eyebrow or two, but who cares? Not I. This is a good time to brush aside the follow-the-crowd ideas, for the world is changing, and the new independence is bringing more freedom from social traditions.

"Here are some more 'don'ts'. I'm an actress, not a model, so I won't wear clinging negligees, revealing play suits, nor pose for 'cheesecake' art. I grew up in a family with three sisters and two brothers and there was no false modesty, but there are

certain standards of good taste. Why tear them down? Anyway, suggestion stimulates the imagination, and often soft materials following the lines of the body, and sheer chiffon yokes and sleeves create a seductive glamor that nudity would destroy.

"I don't like to remove my wedding ring, but this is no arbitrary point. The studio designed some clips to cover it that makes it look like a dinner ring and I wore this in 'The Black Swan.' This ring is my prize possession as it belonged to my husband's great-grandmother. See how heavy it is? With the two emerald guards it comes almost to my knuckle, so I'm sure I shall have to remove it for many pictures."

Maureen laughed. "Once, I would stubbornly have added, I won't appear before the camera in lingerie. But I can't say that now. For a scene in 'The Black Swan' I prance about in my—underwear! You would think that garments worn in that long-ago day would be the cover-up variety, but the ones they made for me weren't that kind, they were revealing and daring.

"The situation looked black, so I rounded up Earl Luick, Twentieth Century-Fox costume designer, and together we worked out the most adorable substitutes—a cute full waist with rounded neck, and voluminous panties that came to the knee, ending in ruffles of beading and lace. Really, they were lovely. When we went into the scene where Tyrone Power and I were escaping from the ship and Tyrone said, 'Drop your dress, we're going to jump overboard,' I snapped a hook and stepped out in my muslin and lace ruffles. Involuntarily, Tyrone whistled. Then, he picked me up and tossed me into the water. The whistle was so apropos that they left it in the picture. Believe me, I wrote a long letter home explaining this scene for I wanted to prepare them before they saw the picture. They might think I had deliberately hurled modesty to the winds.

"And just this week," she added, "I broke another vow—I wore my first bathing suit in the new film 'The Immortal Sergeant.' The director convinced me that a scene showing me on the beach with Henry Fonda was necessary for the drama's unfoldment. That same day, one of the Los Angeles newspapers came out with the story—'Maureen O'Hara dons a swim suit for the first time on the screen'—then went



Maureen O'Hara does her share of sending typewriters off to war. Taking time out between scenes of "This Land of Mine," new RKO picture, Maureen helped collect more than seventy typewriters for Uncle Sam's future use. The first to join the pile was Maureen's own private machine. She then raided the studio offices and came up with a good haul of typewriters.

into details! So, another long letter was sent to Ireland. This isn't a duty, it is a courtesy—from my heart. While I'm a career girl, and married, to my parents I am still their baby, and I value their approval more than anything in the world.

"As for love scenes," Maureen chuckled, mischievously, "I don't mind them at all, and they are very real to me. I easily get into the emotional mood of my character and give my all. However, I detest any mauling before, during, or after such scenes. Fortunately, most actors are gentlemen, and most considerate. When they're not, I can take care of myself. I learned the tactics of self-defense from my brothers for I was a tomboy, always ready for battle."

We were talking over a cup of tea in the living room of Maureen's honeymoon home in Bel-Air, which Director Will Price bought for his bride when they were married last December. Through the open windows we could look across the patio and the tiny formal garden, to the badminton court on the terrace, then up the steep wooded hill that forms a back curtain. But I was watching Maureen, instead. She offers a surprise for she is different from what you imagined from her films. She has the angel face, all right, but she's brimming with brisk assurance and self-confidence—she's a blazing fire, not smouldering embers.

She insists it took her three years to convince producers she was an actress, not a type. Especially, a demure, docile type. She's not that at all. She can be very earthy, very emotional, and she yearns for sturdy, meaty rôles. Since "How Green Was My Valley" and her new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, she feels she is on her way. Her current film, "The Immortal Sergeant," is her fifth this year. For her next, she returns to the RKO studio to co-star with Charles Laughton in "This Land of Mine," a super-production.

Maureen laughs at the Hollywood bugaboo that career and marriage present a problem, and argues that as men combine work with domesticity, so can women. It depends on the individual woman—not conditions. She's practical, budgets her expenses, and admits she dearly loves a bargain. She does everything in a well-ordered manner that leaves no loose ends to pick up later. Best of all, she throws a joyous enthusiasm into everything, be it details of her career, making her own canopied bed, or broiling the chops on the maid's night out.

"We learn quickly in Hollywood," Maureen again took up the story. "For one thing, we learn about clothes, for both on and off the screen they play such an important part in every woman's life. They have a language of their own, and an actress must know how to define her personality by her costume, for consciously or unconsciously, what one wears reflects the mental standard, and the emotional status. We all know that clanking jewelry, a bit of cheap fur and a spangled gown will picture a woman of loose morals quicker than pages of dialogue.

"This has new significance today with so many women in uniform. I've discovered that every man is hoping femininity won't be swallowed up in loyalty to war efforts, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service. In 'To the Shores of Tripoli' I played a nurse, wearing my uniform in most of the picture. In one scene I was to meet John Payne when off duty and I asked the director if I couldn't wear a simple dress as John had never seen me except in uniform. Well, it must have struck home with audiences, for already I've received more than three hundred letters saying how wise that girl was to let her man see her as a woman, apart from her



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work. After all, a uniform doesn't emphasize individuality, it belongs to mass production.

"During a discussion at the studio the other day, one of our most popular bachelors deplored the growing tendency among girls of taking over the ordering of the meal, deciding the choice of liquor, also the cigarettes, and even lighting them instead of accepting the courtesy from her escort. He insists men don't like this growing independence; they much prefer, as a companion, the feminine woman with her charming dependence. So, girls, we had better watch our step and not let war service get jumbled up with personal life.

"Will and I live simply, saving every possible dollar for bonds, but all Hollywood is doing that—magnificently. I understand the European situation, and I want to help my America—I've taken out my first papers for citizenship, so I feel I really belong.

"We have adopted a little plan I would like to pass on to other girls. Instead of serving expensive foods at our small

parties, Will and I substitute cheaper ones, such as baked beans, hot dogs, hamburgers, and such things, telling our friends that the difference in the cost of menu goes into war savings. For one thing, we always used to serve expensive smoked turkeys which were ordered from near Will's old home in the South. The other night a friend said, 'Oh, I know it's an exigency of war, and I'm for it—but I do miss those turkeys.' And from everyone present came the chorus, 'So do I!'

A moment's pause, then Maureen went on. "We're both contented with our quiet, domestic life. I don't need daily orchids or elaborate gaities, and I don't go in for hunks of jewelry. Imagine a screen star without a 'darling topaz' or a diamond, to her name!

"We read a lot, Will has his fancy gardening, I have my music, practicing hours each day. We attend concerts and see the best pictures." Then, with a surprising wistfulness, she added, "We try to *live*—fully and happily. Like all young couples today, we feel we must cherish every hour."

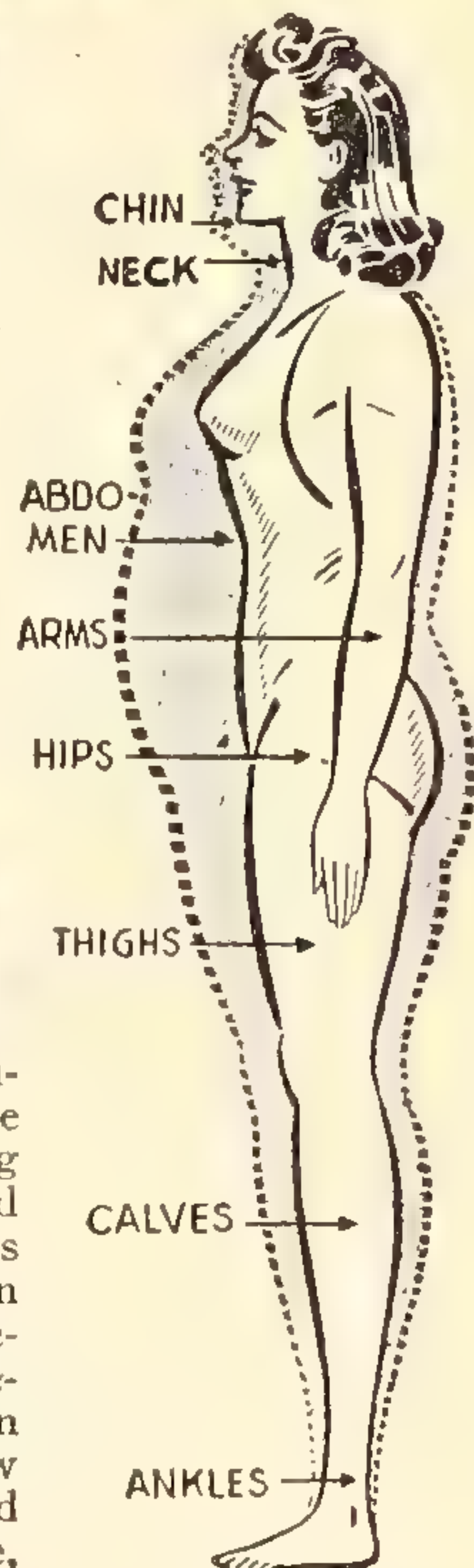
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The Girls He Leaves Behind Him!

Continued from page 33

except that the motor fell out at fifteen feet, and so did John.

He tried to enter the aeronautical school at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1931, but he flunked the mathematics entrance examination. That's the reason he has that passionate admiration for Major Alexander Seversky, famous airship designer, because the Major claims that he himself doesn't know a sine from a cosine from a hole in the wall. John's a licensed pilot, but naturally he'll have to take basic training all over again because there's a lot of difference between a pleasure plane and an Army plane.

Well, anyway, there was John with a smile on his handsome face, and all set to kiss the girls goodbye, when *wham*—his bosses at the studio just happened to get a gander at his fan mail. It's terrific! More than Tyrone Power's. Or Victor Mature's. Two secretaries had to move out of the fan mail department to make room for John's bags. (Bags of mail, of course, stupid.) *Um-mmmmm*, the bosses *um-mmmmed*. And the next thing Johnny knew he was deferred until he had finished "Hello, Frisco, Hello," in which he co-stars with Alice Faye. So now he plans to leave in January. He doesn't know where the Army will send him. He doesn't care. He couldn't be happier. But what about the gals? Well, you've still got Roddy McDowall and Monty Woolley to swoon over.

John Payne's about the hottest young man in pictures at the moment. Last January when he and Anne Shirley called it off he was getting two thousand fan letters a month. By October, 1942, his fan mail had tripled! It certainly answers that old question: Does marriage hurt a film star's popularity with his fans? It does indeed. A lot of gals must have taken hope when Anne went to the divorce courts. But no matter how crazy you are for John, you won't get him now. Uncle Sam's got him. Signed, sealed, and practically delivered.

Every soldier leaves a girl behind him when he goes off to the wars. Some one to write him letters, knit his socks, and meet him at the crack of dawn at the airport when he comes home on furlough. With tens of thousands of females panting for John, I thought it might be fun (so we can hate her with a genuine jealous hate) to find out the real girl he leaves behind. The lucky girl who gets the first letter, the first wings to wear proudly on her lapel.

John doesn't seem to have played the field, like Bruce Cabot and John Carroll and Cesar Romero and George Montgomery. From what I can gather from conversations on studio sets with everyone from stand-ins to hairdressers to glamor girls he doesn't seem to be the type who makes passes. And definitely, not a chaser. He's considerably on the serious side. I don't mean to imply that John was ever a drip, just sort of quiet and reserved. A minor wolf, perhaps, but not the prowling kind. Instead of playfully pinching pretty extras, between scenes, John stretches out in a studio chair and talks about Julie Anne. Now two and a half years old.

When the Paynes first separated John was seen out quite often at night clubs and fancy restaurants with attractive Sheila Ryan. Ah, a romance, the columnists said, and made a much of a much about it when Anne dropped by John's Santa Monica beach house one Sunday afternoon and found John giving a party for Sheila. What the columnists failed to mention was that Sheila and Anne rushed into each other's arms like a couple of giddy girls home from college for the holidays. Sheila and Anne

are the best of friends, and have been for years. When Anne moved out on John, and John wanted someone to go out with of an evening, naturally he called up Sheila, the family friend. (Sheila, by the way, is one of the very few people who knows why Anne and John separated, a mystery that's driving Hollywood insane with curiosity—but wild horses can't drag it out of her.) Family friends, if you've ever been one you know, only tide the poor husband over the first few months. Sure enough, by July, last summer, John wasn't relying on Anne's friends any more. He'd found one of his own. (Certainly not hard to do in this town, with movie stars fairly throwing themselves at him.) He'd found Jane Russell. Jane's a nice girl, but she's definitely not the family friend type. All the other girls felt sorry for John and sort of mothered him, because he was carrying the torch for Anne. Jane was different.

The John Payne-Jane Russell romance got off to a good start at the premiere of "The Pied Piper," known as Hollywood's first dim-out premiere. But the lights weren't so dim that Hollywood didn't get an eyeful of the gorgeous Russell and the handsome John. Hollywood got such a kick out of it that Jane and John decided to give them a re-take, and appeared together again at the bond premiere of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Whew-ew-ew, what a dish, yowled the wolf pack. Jane didn't even give them a flicker of her eyelashes. But John she sort of clung to.

Since July, John and Jane have been hitting it off pretty constantly. They're not much on dressing up like movie stars and going on a pub crawl—the way Anne and John used to do on Saturday nights—they're more for the athletic stuff. They like to go roller-skating one night a week out at the Rollerdrome in Culver City. Another night they like to go bowling. In between times there's horseback riding, and tennis, and ice-skating. Having been a tomboy since she was a baby, and having been brought up with a house full of brothers, Jane can hold her own, and more, in any sport that John might care to mention. When John had his beach house at Santa Monica (he's in a small apartment in town now) Jane was a frequent guest there, and any afternoon you could find them playing badminton, volley ball, ping-pong, or dashing out to the ocean for a battle with the waves. Those two have more energy than a Boulder Dam dynamo.

When the football season started in September John and Jane had a standing Saturday afternoon date. Funny thing, when Jane was going with Bob Waterfield, the sensational U.C.L.A. quarterback, last year, she promised him that she'd be in the grandstand cheering for him every game he played in the 1942 season. She kept her promise all right. She hasn't missed a game. But John Payne's always with her.

Although you have seen more publicity stills of Jane than any other Hollywood personality most likely (some 45,000 of them have appeared in recent magazines and newspapers) you still haven't seen her on the screen. Her one picture, "The Outlaw," produced by multi-millionaire Howard Hughes, has not been released as yet, though it was made over two years ago. Seems that the Hays Office didn't approve of certain scenes where Jane played a sweater girl of the covered wagon era. However, everything has been taken care of now, and the picture will be released this winter. Jane, in the meantime, hasn't done badly as a Hollywood movie star without a single picture to her credit. She

averages 1100 fan letters a week (almost as many as John's), which is ten times the number Ann Sheridan reportedly gets. And she has snagged the smoothest-looking man in town—John, of course.

There have been gossip bits of late that John has discovered June Havoc, and is delighted with his discovery. June has an important part in the Alice Faye-John Payne picture, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." With her lively, amusing chatter June, a swell down-to-earth gal, appeals especially to the strong, silent type. John is completely fascinated. He hovers around her on the set, laughing more than he has laughed in years, and he has invited June to dinner on several occasions. But the people on the set say that romance doesn't enter into it. (They could be wrong.) June panics John with impersonations of her sister, Gypsy Rose Lee.

If Sheila's the family friend, and June's the fun girl, then it must be Jane who'll be "the girl John leaves behind." But I wouldn't make book on it. There are those who say, and they are John's friends and ought to know, that John isn't the least bit in love with Jane, that it's a friendship built on common interests, and that John's still in love with Anne. And there are those who say, and they are John's friends too, that John is deliriously in love with Jane Russell, and it wouldn't surprise them in the least if he married her before leaving for the wars. And there are those who say that Jane is still in love with Bob Waterfield, and that the Russell-Payne romance is purely publicity.

A great humorist used to say, "I only know what I read in the papers." My version of that is, "I only know what I see with my eyes." A few nights ago at the Players on Sunset Boulevard I saw Anne Shirley having dinner with Eddie Albert, who seems to be her most constant escort these nights. Hardly had they gotten through the shrimp cocktail before John Payne joined them. And I have never seen two people less annoyed by the arrival of a third. In fact, Anne beamed. And John seemed to regain some of that "lilt" he used to have when he was courting Anne. The three of them were still gabbing away like magpies when I left.

One night, several weeks ago, I sat in the next booth at the Brown Derby (everybody eats out these nights, you know, no cooks in this part of the world—they're all welders now) when John stopped by to say hello to an old friend. "Are you happy, John?" the friend asked. "Yes," said John, "I'm very happy. I've enlisted in the Army Air Corps. I'll be leaving as soon as the picture is finished." "I saw Anne yesterday," the friend continued. "So did I," said John. "I took her to dinner last night. She's fine." "Isn't there a chance of your reconciliation?" the friend inquired earnestly. "You know, John, I think everybody in Hollywood is pulling for you two to get together again." "No," said John, quietly but decisively, "there isn't."

John and Anne have dined together so many times of late that rumors started that there would be a reconciliation. But when I asked Anne on the "Bombardier" set her answer was a flat and decisive "No."

Well, Hollywood is still a pushover for a "perfect marriage," even after all these years of surprises, so maybe two decisive "No's" might some day add up to a weak "Yes."

Anyway, snooping around John's studio the other day I found his Christmas list. And who do you think headed the list: Anne Shirley, of course. After Anne's name, John had written, "something nice." Jane Russell's name wasn't on the list.

Everyone knows that John was considerably broken up when Anne casually announced to him one night last January, at Romanoff's, "I'm hunting for a little house for Julie Anne and myself, John. I'm leav-

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ing you." He refused to stay in their honeymoon house in the Hollywood hills, the house where he and Anne had been so happy for four years. Anne and the baby moved into a small house in Brentwood. John rented a beach house at Santa Monica.

John and Anne were married in August, 1937. The young Paynes lived with a flair, and they were very gay and very, very much in love. What happened to Hollywood's muchly publicized perfect marriage only the Paynes, and two of their very special friends know. Careers have a way of hopelessly entangling the domestic lives of movie stars. At the time they were married Anne Shirley, following her magnificent performance in "Stella Dallas," was right up there on top, with all the critics hailing her as Hollywood's next Bette Davis. John wasn't doing so well in those days. He was often referred to, both in print and out, as Mr. Anne Shirley, and it well-nigh burned him to a crisp. Then, in a couple of years, John's popularity shot up like a Texas gusher. And Anne, after a series of bad pictures, was sort of pushed aside in favor of other young actresses.

It might have been conflicting careers with the Paynes, though it's hard to believe with those two kids who were so unselfishly in love, and it just might have been that through no fault of their own, they simply fell out of love. Or thought they had. Both of them seem restless these days. With alternate moods of gaiety and sadness. Both are working harder, and playing harder, than they ever did before. Which is a sign that they are trying to forget each other. John is a sentimental sort of fellow, like all those boys from Virginia, and Hollywood has a feeling that when he is zooming around in those clouds over Berlin he'll be thinking about only one girl. Anne Shirley. After all, movie stars are famous for saying "No," and not meaning it.

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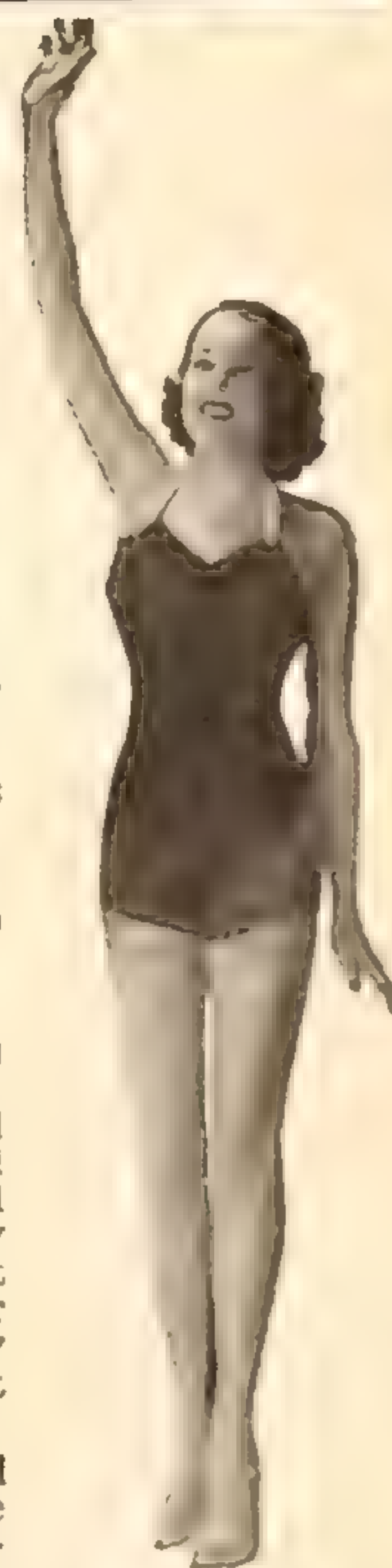
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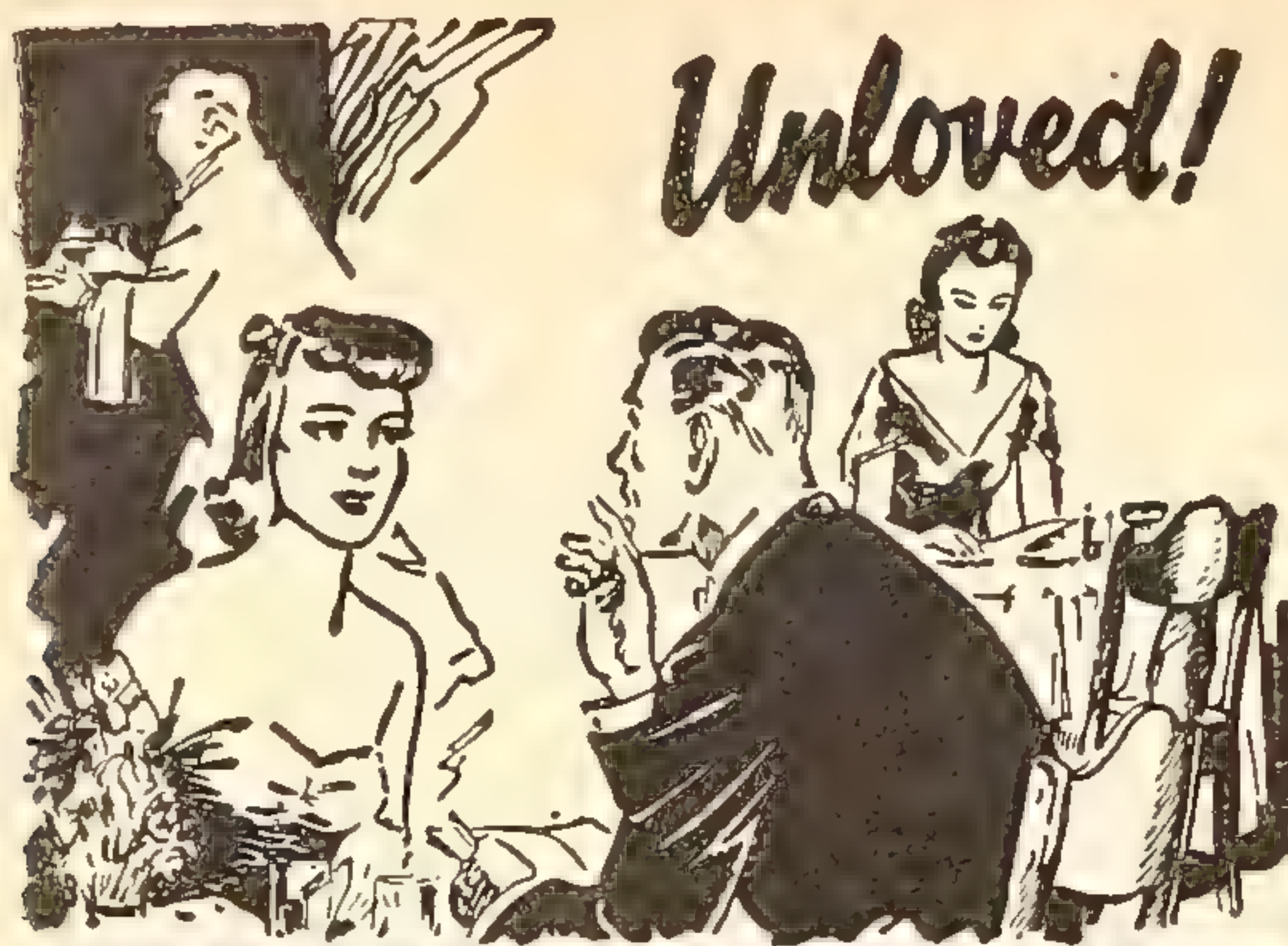
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Letter From London

Continued from page 43

come in from the Atlantic crossing. They bring us mail and munitions and political visitors straight from Washington while sometimes the doors slide back to discharge famous film stars who were in Hollywood three or four days previously.

Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Al Jolson arrived by air freighter recently, come to entertain the service men and women and the factory hands. Patricia Morison was with them and those hours winging high above the stormy ocean were the most thrilling she's ever spent. She had to sleep on the bare floor of the plane wrapped in two Army blankets but she was still full of energetic enthusiasm when she climbed out. The American War Department had commissioned her with a job and she meant to execute it thoroughly!

In between the concerts and broadcasts for the troops and the sailors, Patricia went out renewing her childhood acquaintance with London. She told Quentin Reynolds how she was christened in the centuries-old Christ Church in Newgate Street, in the historic city, so he promptly took her along to see it. There were only a few charred stones on the spot, scattered about the bomb-raided ground on which the grass had begun to grow, and Patricia was so disappointed she stood there with sad tears running down her cheeks.

Since transatlantic plane baggage is most strictly limited, Patricia only brought a few outfits but as clothes are rationed on the coupon system, she just wasn't able to buy herself any more in London. But Somebody spent two of his own precious coupons on a scarf as a gift for her, a gaily-printed crepe affair with "Happy Landings" on a background of Royal Air Force blue. Did I mention that Somebody is a very famous pilot in the Eagle Squadron of that Force himself? And to think that Hollywood made Patricia bring a new insurance policy along in her handbag, for twenty thousand dollar coverage "against any matrimonial undertakings and the loss of film work resulting therefrom" as it sets out! Still, she's flying over again soon!

Merle Oberon flew across the Atlantic too one day. She did some songs at the Washington Club—headquarters of the U. S. men and women on leave in London—and joined Ben Lyon and Vic Oliver in a radio feature program. But the real reason for Merle's visit was a personal one. She wanted to be present at Buckingham Palace when husband Alexander Korda was formally accoladed with his knighthood.

Now royal investitures are no longer stately ceremonies conducted with pomp and pageantry. There are no flowers and the flunkies wear plain black instead of their traditional crimson and gold, but all the essential dignity still remains in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace where the King, in his blue naval uniform, stands on the purple velvet-draped dais and receives each man as the Lord Chamberlain reads aloud his name from the parchment roll of honor. Opposite the dais are raised tiers of gilded chairs for the relatives of those whom the King is honoring, so one morning Merle was among them, watching her husband being knighted. Looking strangely unfamiliar in his striped trousers, black tailed jacket and grey silk vest, the film producer advanced and knelt down before the King who tapped him on the shoulder with the jeweled sword of chivalry and said, "Rise, Sir Alexander." At that precise moment, Merle really became her ladyship. The crowd gathered outside the palace gates, gave her a special

cheer as she came out on her husband's arm.

Sir Alexander and Lady Korda were present at the most brilliant screen premiere of the fall, first showing of Noel Coward's naval film, "In Which We Serve." Can you imagine debonair Noel Coward, who used to specialize in portraying cocktail hounds and playboys, as the tough commander of a British naval ship? That's the rôle he chose for himself in the big new production, "In Which We Serve," and he wrote and directed it himself, actually going to sea to obtain the proper atmosphere, and helped by his close friend, Lord Louis Mountbatten, the King's sailor-cousin, who now heads our Commando forces. Noel wears short-clipped hair and an expression of grim determination as the captain whose destroyer is attacked and sunk in the Mediterranean, and he doesn't look dashing any more when he's oil-soaked and half-frozen, clinging to a raft in the water.

All the critics here acclaimed "In Which We Serve" as the finest film of the war and Noel himself is so pleased with its reception that he is already going ahead with the production of another, called "This Happy Breed." Again he is writing, directing and acting in it himself and composing all the incidental music. This time he has chosen an Army theme, written around a London suburban family and showing their life from the outbreak of the last war in 1914 up to the present time.

Navy blue and gold were thick at the "In Which We Serve" premiere, not forgetting Lieutenant Doug Fairbanks of the U. S. Navy, who had joined a party including the white-haired Countess of Oxford and four British admirals and brown-eyed Celia Johnson who plays Noel's wife in the film. Celia has done very little work in the studios, but she is acknowledged one of our finest young stage actresses. She's married to Peter Fleming, the explorer—maybe you've heard him lecture or read one of his best-selling travel books—who is an Army captain now. They have a country cottage and a baby son and a priceless collection of ancient porcelain they acquired in China when they spent their honeymoon there.

Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks had a few brief hours ashore at a certain British seaport not long ago. It was the first time he had set foot on dry land for several weeks but Doug looked utterly contented and even more sun-browned than ever. His ship had just been formally inspected by the King, who had recognized him immediately and given him a special handshake of welcome greeting. Doug observed mysteriously he had learned a lot of things that would be helpful when he went back to Hollywood picture-making again, like Second-Lieutenant Richard Greene, who has become a first-class shot since he joined the British Army. Now Greene is hoping they will teach him to ride expertly, too, so that he will be qualified for that Western film he has always wanted to do, but so far they are only teaching him to mount a tank!

First-Lieutenant Gene Raymond managed to see the Coward film too. He is here with the U. S. Air Force Combat Command—he's been a civilian pilot for years, of course. He was one of the officers interrogating the American fliers after they had bombed Abbeville on the day of the Dieppe raid. Gene has one consolation other men away from home haven't got—he can go to the cinema and see and hear his wife! He watched "I Married an Angel" three times the same day when he

cently had some leave. They tell me he writes Jeanette every other day and sends her regular cablegrams, too.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon toured several car-loads of Rear-Admiral Griffen's sailors round the town when the naval task Force recently took a few days leave here in London. Dark-eyed Jessie Matthews sings favorite sentimental numbers at the get-together tea parties on Sunday afternoons. Elizabeth Allan and Mrs. Clive Brook and half-a-dozen titled girls who could normally be making the social headlines form a gang that washes the dishes and serves the coffee and fried bread for twelve solid hours at a time without rest. And if you think that glamor depends on expensive clothes alone, you should take a look at Elizabeth in her blue cotton apron and saucy blue and white spotted scarf tied around her soft blonde curls. She's just started work on a new picture called "Thousands of Summers," the story of the young wives of the R.A.F. fighter pilots who took part in the Battle of Britain.

Constance Cummings helps regularly at the Forces club, too. Like most women in England now, she has planned herself a definite wartime outfit with her year's allowance of sixty-six dress coupons and the central item of it is a suit. Connie's is plain grey woolen, man-tailored and finished with a pale pink or blue blouse. Her gloves are hand-knitted of grey cotton—each glove only need one coupon to be given up in the store whereas leather or suede ones require two. Connie is dividing her time between stage and studio now, living in a hotel since her lovely house in Chelsea was spoiled by German bombs some time ago.

Vivien Leigh's little red-tiled house nearby suffered at the same time, but Vivien isn't in town much these days anyway. Since Laurence Olivier got his officer's commission in the Fleet Air Arm and announced that becoming navy blue and gold, Vivien has been living quietly in a tiny old-world country cottage near to his base. With her black hair falling unwaved to her shoulders and her skin tanned to golden-brown, Vivien can spend her time in the tweed slacks and plain skirts she likes best, doing her own cooking and cleaning, because maids are impossible to hire since women's labor has been controlled by the government, and spending long busy hours in her garden. She grows lettuce and tomatoes, since food production is all-important in Britain, and not forgetting the fact that Larry loves nothing better than salad for supper when he can get home from his duties for a few brief hours.

Vivien hasn't been making any films lately because her Hollywood contract precluded it, but now David Selznick has generously given her permission to play the lead in a new British production, called "The Mountains Clap Their Hands." He was inspired to waive his rights because of the stirring theme, that of the gallant young Yugo-Slav students who have fled to their wild mountain fastnesses and taken to guerrilla warfare against the Nazis who hold their cities. King Peter of Yugo-Slavia has given the film his royal approval and members of his court in London are lending some of their own costumes, picturesque, colorful peasant dresses and upstanding white-frilled caps in which Vivien's dusky beauty should find appropriate setting.

Vivien and Larry were among the guests at tall Michael Redgrave's party—he is serving in the Navy, too, but was granted special short leave to make the film of his stage success, "Thunder Rock," all about the idealistic dreamer who seeks sanctuary right out of the world on a desolate island and then finds it doesn't work out that way. Mick's parties are always essentially Bohemian, for his friends are invariably people who do things, so you can rest as-

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sured of grand conversation as well as good coffee in the long white-walled living room, high above London's skyline where he and his slim redheaded wife entertain. She had to leave us halfway through, putting on her steel helmet to go out and do her rota of fire-watching that night so her great friend Diana Wynyard acted as deputy hostess.

We talked about "Mrs. Miniver," sadly shaking our heads over those completely American furnishings Director William Wyler had in the English country home and those dashing hot-from-Hollywood styles which Greer Garson and Teresa Wright wore so attractively but quite wrongly. (Greer must have forgotten what our home-keeping mothers look like since she's been in California!) Still as Wyler has come over here himself, Captain in the U. S. Army, on special duties which are allowing him to take charge of a big official British war film about to go on the floor, he knows just how we are this time. He can now understand that there would never have been a village flower-show for "Mrs. Miniver" to patronize. And he appreciates too that she would have been like the rest of us just then, wearing the trim olive-green tweed uniform of the Women's Voluntary Service, busy arranging her house to accommodate little children hastily evacuated from the cities, fixing supplies at the local hospital, cooking meals for the National Defense men or even training to go and work in the nearest munition factory.

We're indebted to Jean Parker for one of our practical new wartime winter fashions. Some stills arrived showing her wearing a long-sleeved wool sweater made gay with glittering beads and sequins stitched all over. Dress stylists immediately adopted it as the way to look pretty and still keep

warm dining and dancing. Valerie Hobson has had a sweater knitted in palest blue, to go with a long black skirt adapted from an old evening gown. Clive Brook's tall blonde daughter, nineteen-year-old Faith, wears a purple one she made herself. (She has just taken up Red Cross nursing for which she trained when visiting in Hollywood last summer.) Jessie Matthews likes a yellow one, trimmed with green, and she has a sumptuous new evening wrap of rich emerald brocade. No, she's not been wantonly extravagant. It was once the drawing-room drapes at her old-world home on the Thames River near London, where she and husband Sonnie Hale now grow potatoes in the former rose garden, and breed rabbits on the lawn where screen stars used to gather for tea before the war.

Margaret Lockwood, who has just finished a crime picture, "Alibi," with James Mason, belongs to the W.V.S. and serves every hour of leisure she gets. Her husband Rupert Leon is no longer a business executive but an Army officer on active service so Maggie and her daughter, three, live with Mrs. Lockwood, Senior, in a small modern house near London.

Margaret is starring with Phyllis Calvert and Eric Portman—remember him in "49th Parallel" last spring?—in a period mystery picture called "The Man in Grey." Another new film now being made is set in the gracious eighteenth century, too, "The Life of Michael Faraday." He was the famous scientist to whom we owe electricity and he lived in those breathless days when Napoleon's armies were camped menacingly just on the other side of the English Channel, twenty-one miles away from our soil, exactly as Hitler's hordes are massed today.

Faraday is Walter Hudd and his wife is played by Nova Pilbeam, enchanting in her bonnet and flounced mantles. You will no-



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tice the new air of quiet dignity and reserve in Nova's gentle face, an expression grief has given her, for her young husband Lieutenant Penrose Tennyson was killed at sea only a few months ago. The romance of the pretty twenty-year-old star and the man whom so many considered the most brilliantly promising director in British films was truly a love story of the studios and everybody from producers to call-boys attended their wedding. Then Pen joined the Navy soon after war was declared and now his girl-widow acts again on the same familiar stages where he directed her and tries bravely to be as gallant and courageous as he would have wished.

These two productions are our only offerings completely divorced from modern themes. For the rest, the British studios are devoted to making war-time pictures. Not ponderous propaganda films which choke you with exhortation and bore you with their far-too-obvious "messages." Just entertainment films with a background of our present war conditions, pictures related in speech and action and even in romance to the real world in which we are living here in Britain today.

There is "Went the Day Well?" which they have just finished shooting at Ealing, the story of a quiet English seacoast village when the Nazis made an attempt at invasion—it begins where "Mrs. Miniver" left off! Even more ambitious is "We're Not Weeping," which takes you behind the scenes with the thousands of girls in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the girls who wear the Army khaki and love it.

I went to watch them on location at a big camp in the heart of the Surrey pine-woods. There Leslie Howard was sitting in the director's chair with only two elderly male technicians to support him while he ordered more than a thousand girl soldiers about. Blonde Lilli Palmer is the star, wearing a surgical plaster on her arm for she was cut by flying glass in an air raid recently. She and Rex Harrison and Harold French were sitting discussing the film when a bomb fell right outside and the blast blew all the windows into the room.

Jade-eyed little Joan Greenwood and tall, pale, honey-blond Joyce Howard have other leading parts. All the actresses had to take a month's intensive training course in the Army ranks, exactly like the genuine recruits do, before they were considered sufficiently the type to appear before the cameras.

You haven't seen Joan and Joyce on the screen as yet but note the names because you'll be meeting them plenty in the future. They are both signed up to go to Hollywood for star-grooming just as soon as the war is over and they are allowed to travel there. So is lovely Carla Lehmann, Canadian-born stage actress. She has been leading lady for several British men stars and now she gets her own biggest chance as the heroine of "Talk About Jacqueline," which M-G-M is soon releasing on both sides of the Atlantic.

Another budding young starlet is the slender Deborah Kerr, who was in Paul Soskin's film about Free Norway, called "The Day Will Dawn," and whom I saw playing one of the strangest love scenes ever directed in any studio. Dressed in the fashion of 1918, she sat beside a hospital bed in which Roger Livesey, his face completely swathed in bandages, lay and told her of his love and actually proposed to her entirely with his hands. His fingers gave a perfect piece of subtle acting and there wasn't a single retake needed.

The film in which this unusual sequence takes place is "Colonel Blimp," the life story of a typical English Army officer of the old-fashioned school. Among the other players is Anton Walbrook as a German captain. It was hoped that David Niven could have taken the star part but Captain Niven is completely occupied with his Army

duties and definitely states he is not interested in picture-making, even if he were given leave for it, until he has finished his job on Victory Day. The Army is in David's blood, you must remember. His father and grandfather and his two brothers were all soldiers and really David himself wanted to have a military career but got into pictures by accident when he was visiting California. His pretty socialite wife is sometimes in London, taking a brief vacation from her Red Cross job, but David is wearing battledress with his men and means to keep it on until the bells of peace ring out in Britain.

Last time I saw Mrs. Niven was at the world première of "Eagle Squadron," at the Leicester Square Theatre, a typical war-time send-off with no decorations save the national flags and the guests in plain informal clothes or uniforms. Like lemons and silk stockings, glamorous evening gowns have passed into the lost limbo nowadays. Even when the Queen sees a film in the evening, she wears only a simple short-sleeved dinner dress.

The King and Queen and their two daughters do keep in contact with all the latest productions, for they have their own private cinema in a green and gold drawing room at Windsor Castle, and here they regularly invite soldiers and sailors and air men, both British and American, to see a film with them. They've watched "Mrs. Miniver" and Chaplin's "Gold Rush" and our own spy film, "Next of Kin," this fall. Sixteen-year-old Princess Elizabeth loves flying pictures, like most other youngsters, but twelve-year-old Princess Margaret prefers something with singing. She thinks Judy Garland is "perfectly lovely."

Among the Queen's favorite stars is Valerie Hobson and the Royal Family lately watched her with Richard Greene in "Unpublished Story," in which they used the actual newsreel scenes of the London blitz as a background for this film of newspaper life. Valerie goes to the studio on her bicycle every morning now, wearing a thoroughly patriotic color-scheme of blue divided skirt, white jersey and scarlet overcoat. She has moved to a new cottage near the Denham lot where she chiefly works.

Her husband, Anthony Havelock Allen is away in uniform now, like John Mills and Ann Todd's husband, Nigel Tangye and Frank Lawton, just promoted to Major in the Army Welfare Corps. Robert Donat is still wearing civilian clothes, to his bitter resentment, but he has not been able to pass the medical examination for the fighting forces. It's asthma, you know—recall how it took him out of pictures for nearly two years and almost ended his career until he recovered sufficiently to make a comeback with "Goodbye, Mr. Chips?" He has to take constant care of his health and wouldn't be able to stand the strain of active service life. Bob has just started work at the Islington studios in "Sabotage Agent," which is exactly the kind of film you would guess from the title!

Do you remember handsome, curly haired Esmond Knight, who played in both Hollywood and British films until 1939? Paramount was about to sign him up for stardom but he joined the British Navy and took part in that famous Atlantic battle when the Nazi's battleship, the *Bismarck*, was sunk. One of the shells exploded in front of Esmond's face and now he is blinded for life. With tremendous courage he has set out to master his affliction, helped by his young actress wife, Frances Clare. He has learned to read and write again and is publishing a book of his stage and studio memories, called "Seeking the Bubble." He has been on the radio with his life-long friend, Laurence Olivier in a special "Freedom Pageant" program and now he is even coming back to film again. No longer can he play romantic rôles, for close-ups would betray the sight

lessness of his eyes, but he is going to essay sinister villainy instead. With his head shaved and a gruesome scarred make-up, Esmond enacts a nail-biting Gestapo agent in "Silver Fleet," all about the Free Dutch submarines. His performance is so sure and compelling it would be admirable work from any actor, let alone a blind man who had to "feel" his way about the set by instinct, after having spent several hours accustoming himself to the position of every piece of furnishing by touch so that he could finally move around before the cameras with semblance of certainty.

Tommy Trinder, who played with Constance Cummings in "The Foreman Went to France," will be seen again as a fireman in "The Bells Go Down," based on the true story of the Fire-Fighting Services in the London blitzes. One scene shows a vehicle of the American Ambulance Unit at work among the falling bombs, a real one, given to us by the American Red Cross and donated by the employees of Saks of Fifth Avenue. The two drivers are English girls who actually ran ambulances through those heavy raids on the London docks when the ground was so fiery the tires literally sizzled.

If you like these realistic stories, watch out for "Coastal Command," just being finished by the Crown Film Unit, who made the famous documentary of the bombers, "Target for Tonight." This time they have been out with the air men who chase the skulking U-boats waiting to attack the convoys round the British Isles. High-spots are a genuine attack on one of these German submarines by Catalinas and a battle at the sea level between one Sunderland flying-boat and four Junker 88s. Incidentally, this film has given the most exciting screen job of the war not to a famous star but to a script girl, little Isobel Pargiter from South Africa, who holds the book for Leslie Howard as a rule. To keep the continuity, she had to join the cameramen in the war planes, lying flat in the space where the bombs are carried to write her notes, crawling on all fours if she needed to move.

I met a good many bombs and explosives myself the other afternoon when I went to the Islington Studios where Irving Asher is making the new M-G-M British film, "Sabotage Agent." They were only property ones though, being used in the reproduction scenes of the great Skoda arms factory at Pilsen. The art director busy supervising the setting was simply called "Mr. K.," for he is a Czech who worked there for twenty years until 1939 when he joined his country's army in France and was wounded at Dunkirk. Because he still has relatives in Pilsen upon whom the Nazis would wreak revenge, that is all I can tell you about this gallant old peasant.

Robert Donat is the star, his rôle that of a British officer sent to Czecho-Slovakia to sabotage the Nazi factory—he told me it reminded him of his part as *Richard Hannay* in "The Thirty-Nine Steps." He did a scene at our great war office in Whitehall, wearing military uniform and being saluted by the sentries as he went up the steps and inside. Scores of people were passing all the time but it is such a commonplace occurrence nobody looked twice.

Just before I got to the studio, detectives from Scotland Yard had swooped down on the building and held a check-up of identity cards. (These surprise inspections take place anywhere now—they are necessary to discover such undesirables as call-up dodgers, and unregistered aliens who might possibly be enemy spies.) The usual police cordon had been flung around the lot and everybody, from Donat and Valerie to the janitors and the two make-up girls, had to parade on the set which appropriately represented the headquarters of the Czech police! Everybody was called separately to the detective's table for personal questioning.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

string beans, tomatoes, celery and onion. Bake this in a casserole."

The Brodells live in a modest, English-style house in San Fernando Valley, not far from Joan's home studio, Warner Brothers. The youngest star of "Thank Your Lucky Stars" is still a school girl in the home of her parents and is as unaffected as any high-school girl her age.

She has red-gold hair, big brown eyes and a smile to warm the most frostbitten heart. Whatever she is doing at the time is "terribly important." The smallest fashion sitting, the tiniest action shot receives all she has to give. Just now her dancing lessons are "terribly important"—so are her diction and voice lessons, her piano, and her new script. She simply bubbles over with enthusiasm when she mentions any of them. When she is selling War Bonds, it all but breaks her heart if her sales mark today isn't more than it was yesterday.

The Brodells rented their house at first from Scotty Welbourne, Warner Brothers' well-known cameraman; then Scotty went off to war, and they bought it.

"The minute we owned it, we tore loose and redecorated the whole place completely, buying new furniture and curtains and having a beautiful time," laughed Joan. "We bought the next lot, too, and there we have a big badminton court, ping-pong tables and a patio for outdoor eating in good weather. We don't intend to go in for a swimming-pool, even when such things are possible after the war, because I belong to the Lakeside Golf Club and we can take dips in their pool. It's fun to take the crowd there."

They are still in the process of furnishing the house, adding those special things that are hardest to find. In the beamed living room, for example, Mrs. Brodell has just hung a long-sought Federal mirror over the fireplace mantel, and is still doing a spot of gloating over the way it reflects the pleasant comfort of the long room in its convex surface, from the piano set against the windowed alcove to the arch of the dining room opposite. Now, if Joan can only find exactly the right picture to set above her precious low desk, that room will be finished.

While the painting was going on, this room was empty except for the piano. The smell of fresh paint was all but overpowering, and every window was wide open to the unusual chill of California early morning, but Joan's lessons must go on. There she was, day after day, wrapped in an overcoat, freezing to death, chanting voice exercises.

Joan made the white string rugs for her own bedroom, which is all-white except for the slender flower trim on crisscross window curtains and dressing table and the wide floral headboard of her pretty white bed. Her spread is a George Washington spread in pure white. For contrast in the room, there is a *Prie Dieu* in dark polished wood with a lovely blue-and-white figurine of the Virgin made especially for her by an old Frenchman refugee.

"Wish I had more time to make things for my room," she sighed in passing, "but I'm one of the world's six busiest women. I go to school four hours every day, do my movie work, my home work, and take voice, piano, dancing and diction lessons. It's all terribly important. None of my teachers knows how much the others have given me to learn so each one hands me all the traffic will bear. I won't be a softie and beg for mercy, so I'm simply buried in work!"

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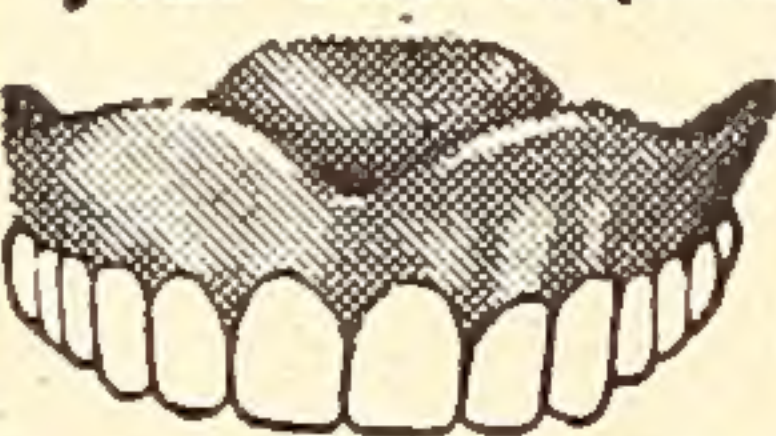
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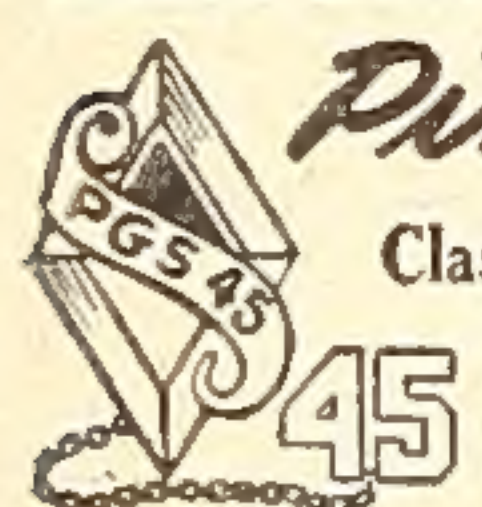
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Location Diary—"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

Continued from page 49

President. Akim doesn't look in a mirror any more. He just looks at Mischka Eagan, his stand-in, made up to look like him. Then Akim groans, "My God, how ugly I am!"

July 4—Didn't I say this is the Stanislaus National Forest? Well, it is. And very beautiful, too. Looks like the Alps. Today we're shooting up at 8600 feet. And do we puff! In a few days we'll climb to 9600 feet. Vladimir Sokoloff, who is playing *Anselmo*, utters his lines one sentence at a time. We'll get used to the heights, I hope.

"Don't yell out loud," cautions Cooper, "or you'll start an avalanche and we'll be buried in snow up to our necks."

"They got some of those noble St. Bernard dogs with kegs of vodka on their necks?" asked Akim hopefully.

The ladies are wonderful. La Paxinou wades ice creeks, packing her artillery, and Ingrid Bergman, a honey-haired parlor type, can shin up a precipice like an antelope. This country is all on end, all up and down, but she says it's flat compared to where she came from in Sweden.

July 5—This diary is a nuisance. I let myself in for something! At least I can skip a few days now and then. We pitched horseshoes this evening, and Ingrid and Gary threw them every which way. He told her it was the mosquitoes that deflected them.

Meanest trick of the week: Akim was asleep under the chuck-wagon and the boys painted his glasses with black paint. When Akim woke up, he thought it was midnight, or he had gone blind.

There's an actor, Akim! All our Russians are good. When I rehearse them, Akim cries out: "Be cruel to us! Be cruel! We want to be better!"

Big show tonight in our tent theater. Tent is on a slope, everyone sits on the ground, and those in back look high over the heads of those down front. Dogs wandered in and out. Terrific outpouring of kids and hikers from adjoining camps. No charge, but a donation at the door for USO. Whenever a member of our cast loomed on the screen, the cheering could be heard in the next county. It was all very chummy. We had free ice cream.

July 6—Snowburn! Bill Menzies and I got snowburned in July, and with ointment on, we look like Amos and Andy. The rest are in luck. The light film of grease they wear for Technicolor make-up saved them.

If you have a barrel-stave to sit on, you can toboggan down the slope in three minutes. If not, you can hike it down in a half hour. Ingrid is a whizz on the stave. Tobogganing is in the blood of these Swedes.

The Russians are a lot of fun. Six of them live in a shack and they talk at the top of their voices. The assistant director wakes them by rolling down a boulder. It hits the shack like a torpedo. The dogs fly out, frenzied, and the Russians after them in pajamas. Vodka Villa, we call that shack.

July 10—This is the toughest location yet! Even the mules gasp and wheeze in the altitude. The crew has to string cables over peaks, miles of cable, and haul cameras up the cliffs. Sound men dangle down in mid-air, hung by ropes, to handle the microphones.

The creek, like boiling milk, makes a huge uproar, and we all have to make signs, like playing Dumb Crambo. One moment you roast in the heat, next moment an icy wind blows through your shirt. Akim wears twelve sweaters now. He rides a mule, called Catastrophe, to go anywhere. Once, when the mule poked its hoof through the stirrup and came down, Akim got off the saddle.

"All right, all right," he said. "You want to ride now, I'll get off."

We are trying to save rubber. We hike or ride. Tires can't last long on these mountain roads, for the rocks slash them to ribbons, and not a wheel turns unless it's absolutely necessary.

The Tower of Babel has nothing on this outfit. I said to Gary over the coffee and hotcakes this morning, "You know, Coop, you're the only Yank in the cast?"

And so he is. Ingrid is Swedish, La Paxinou is a Greek, Akim a Russian. The rest of the cast runs to Russian, Hungarian, Spanish, Sicilian, French, Roumanian, Polish and Cuban. But all are citizens, or else of Allied nationality. This corner of the Sierra is a Federal preserve, so we all have to carry identifications.

July 16—Hot as blazes! The ice machine is out of whack, so the crew brings some hard-packed snow down by truck, and we put it in ginger-ale, along with some gravel and tree-bark. The Russians scramble a half mile below to the creek for a cold dip. The water runs fast. If you get swept beyond the rope, then what's left of you bobs up twenty miles away next month.

Akim broke his fishing rod, so fishes with hook and line. I yelled down the canyon to him to ask if he got anything. "Three bites," he yelled up. "All mosquitoes."

I asked Cooper if the hunting was any good, and he said he wasn't out for big game, so he didn't know. In his film rôle he packs a Mauser rifle, a machine gun and a pistol. When he goes hunting through the woods he just totes one of those 22-caliber rifles that kids get for selling subscriptions.

He ran into a bear last Sunday, he said. The bear jumped first and went up the road. This being a National Forest, and bears being sacred to tourists, he couldn't have fired anyway. Cooper says he got his fill of hunting ten years ago in Africa when he had to hide out from a party of rhinos. All he wanted was just lions.

He did get four lions eventually. One hunter who came just three days before shot a big one, walked over, put a foot on its head, and posed like a hardboiled egg while a friend cranked a 16-mm. camera. What spoiled the film was the lion got up and finished off the hunter.

Cooper, if he wasn't in the movies, could

make a good living in vaudeville, if there was vaudeville, by imitating animal noises. He's good at lion roars. He's heard plenty of them, at night, when they send chills down one's back. One man he envies, he says, is the champion hog-caller of Iowa, who can call in hogs from three counties beyond.

We've got a tough story, tough country and tough-looking players. Hillside is bare of green, with fire-blackened pines and marsh rocks. If flowers spring up overnight, we pull up stakes and go where it's bare. Painters spray paint to kill the colors of boulders and trees. "For Whom the Bell Tolls" has to be in a monotone. Everybody looks earth-colored. The only hues are *Pilar's* dress, which is dull purple, and *Maria's* shirt, which is woodland green. The guerrillas and peasantry look as if they hadn't washed in years. The fire in the cave, too, also smoked them up.

July 20—This is a morning off for me, and so back to "Dear Diary." Our shoes are being resoled. Rocks wore off the leather, so we're using soles made of coiled rope and adhesive tape. This granite is rough on leather, and we have a property man here who does nothing but cobble shoes for the cast. He has rebuilt *Pilar's* twice over. Bergman and Cooper went over the trail to Kennedy Meadows fishing yesterday, and he went barefoot.

"Thought I'd save my shoes," he said. Seems that when Cooper was a kid in Montana he played with Indian children, and they never wore footgear except when the snow was deep. His feet even now are as tough as cowhide. Paxinou slipped on a wet rock, took a header and Rasumny saved her from a 40-foot drop by grabbing her ankle. Forest fires all around. There's a kind of haze, and the cameramen and I are frantic, for we fear it will spoil the photography.

Ingrid has gone to pan gold dirt with some of the miners way up the creek. When the miners get tired of panning, they do pick-and-shovel work for us.

Cooper, hiking up the back road last night, espied a campfire and went over. It was an old prospector, pipe in teeth, fixing up a supper of coffee and flapjacks. They fell into talk, and Cooper learned the old-timer was sort of hunting for a job to make a stake. He looked content, and it was obvious he wasn't going to break a leg hunting for work.

"I know the boss of that outfit down here," said Cooper. "He'll give you something to do. What can you do with a hovel?"

"Well," mused the old-timer, stroking his beard, "I could fry a piece of ham on it."

July 22—Daybreak, and we were atop the peak, waiting for the clouds to lift. Ingrid, looking far down with her binoculars, said, "Thanks. Four of them. They look like bugs. I hope the road is wide enough."

It was. It had taken a week of blasting to widen that road along the precipice. There were cannons, too, and a file of Army trucks. We're ready for some fighting, now.

July 25—We shot the fighting down by the creek and inside the old mill. We're nearly two miles up, and it's a job for the actors to breathe, to say nothing of their moving guns around and hurling grenades. In the middle of the battle I saw the crew stare agape at the sky. It was mirages of peaks and mountains that just weren't there at all. Beautiful, though; just like paintings on clouds.

La Paxinou's husband, Alexander Minotis, the Greek tragedian, was our guest at luncheon. He escaped from Greece, and though dressed like an English merchant, was recognized by a Nazi spy who had seen him act in London. Caught, he was given his choice of being shot or going to Germany to act in "Faust." Not caring for either choice, he escaped in the guise

of a fisherman, got to Egypt, and flew by clipper to New York. The Paxinoux would like to put on "Electra" and "Oedipus Rex" at the Hollywood Bowl, with their old friend, Metropoulos, conducting the orchestra.

The lady acted like a house afire this afternoon, hurling hand grenades at the old sawmill, and blowing out its side. In the melee, Fortunio Bonanova, as *Fernando*, fell into deep water and rose madder than a wet hen.

"Great stuff!" I shouted through the megaphone. "I wish I had thought of that!"

July 28—Ingrid wishes this battle stuff were over and done with. She and Cooper have to eat hard rye bread and tinned fish before the cameras, and keep on eating for hours. This rye bread was shipped from Hollywood, is as hard as boulders.

But talk of appetites! We climb about all day like Alpinists. The real heroes are the grip men. They pack heavy lamps and the dead weight of cameras and sound equipment. They string cable from cliff to cliff, mount precipices and set up block and tackle.

I'm writing all this by candlelight. Queerest happening today was when a woman tourist, 75 years old, passed out cold in front of the camera. Sturdy old gal, she had to see our set or bust. And she did bust. Five of the gang packed her down to the hospital by relays, and she'll be good as new in a day or two—under care at Paramount tent hospital.

July 30—Pretty good snake talk at supper table. Ingrid was saying she saw a big snake yesterday. "No harm to 'em," one of the Forest Rangers remarked. "Right about here last summer, we killed 140 rattlers. And not one man got bit. Snakes mind their own business."

Maybe so. But part of a snake's business is biting. We're taking no chances. The other week a teamster watched a rattler crawl into a hillside hole, and made a grab for the rattles. Bingo! He got stung. Seems that a rattler turns his head around as soon as he crawls into something and leaves it there to watch while he pulls all the rest of himself in. At least this snake did. But the teamster did finally recover.

Paxinou cooked dinner for the cast tonight. A "dolmas" of stuffed grape leaves with lemon sauce. She said the leaves were not up to par, but better luck next time. The cookhouse was shorthanded tonight. Two chefs, three waitresses and a dishwasher quit. They found these peaks too lonesome.

July 31—This is the toughest location in history. The cameras and sound apparatus have to be packed way up the peak bit by bit.

We've built a swimming-pool, finally. Nearly killed us, rolling logs and boulders to plug Eagle Creek. Mostly it's the kids who swim in it. Must be a hundred of them. A regular day nursery. We're not at the base camp much, except to sleep.

August 1—Cloudburst, then a terrible rainstorm all day. A boom like a cannon shot, and we hear the dam has blown out.

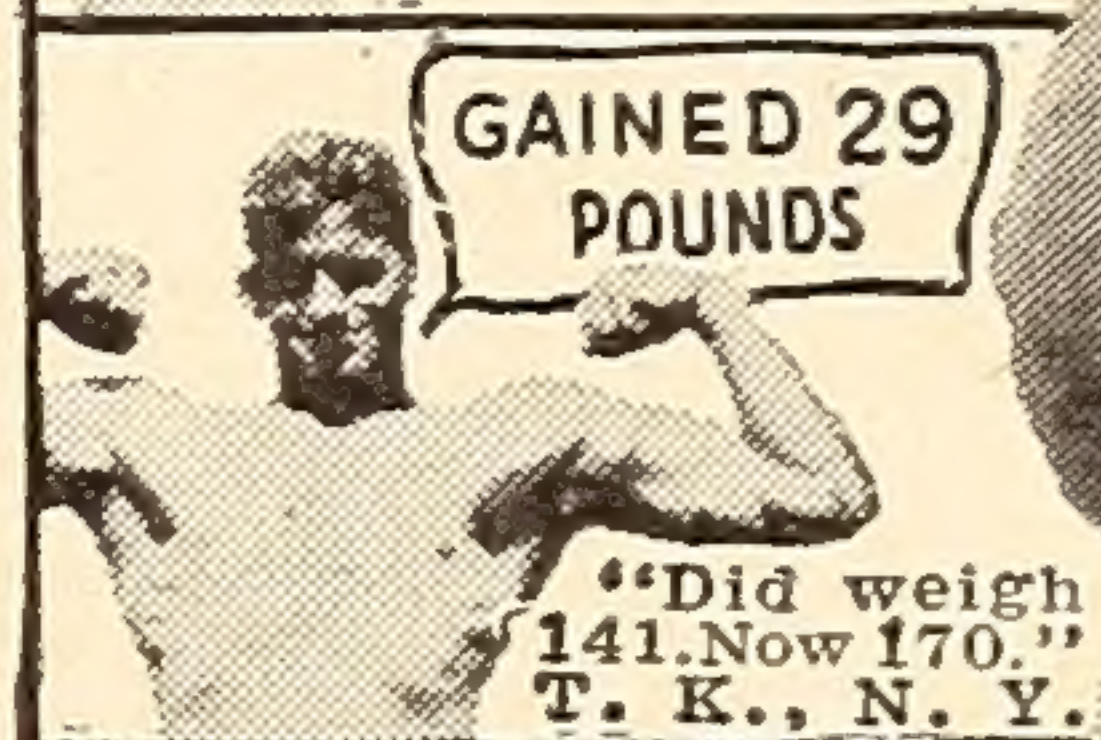
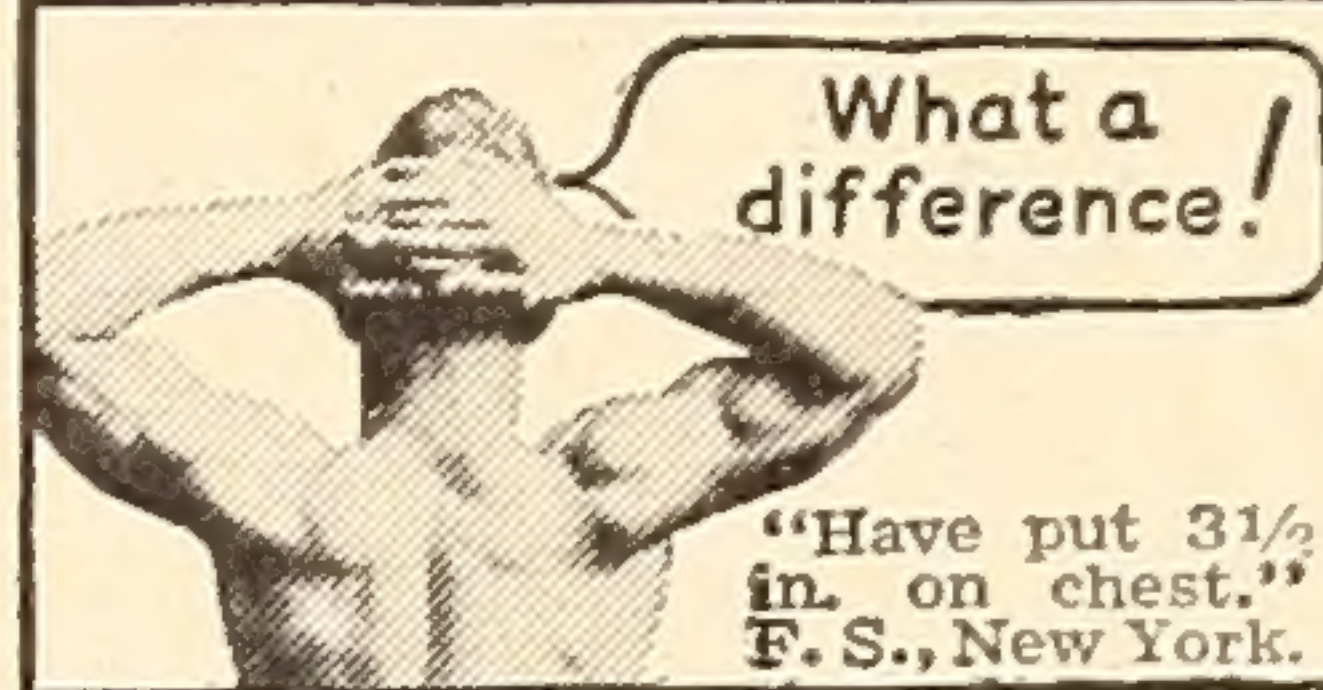
August 2—We're up now on the roughest peak at Sonora Pass. Boulders roll down, and a lot of loose earth. Whenever we hear a rumble, we dive for the hampers and clap on a steel helmet. More hard fighting. We had a tank fall into a canyon and explode. All day the cast has been firing tommy-guns and rifles. As a result, all the deer and coyotes have lit out for the back country. I guess they've spoiled the hunting here for the next ten years.

Six of the extras are gone. Just got bored with acting, maybe.

This was a tremendous battle that raged violently all day. The trouble was, there were more spectators than soldiers. We had to send for policemen to shoo them off behind a rope.

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Biggest scene was when an airplane swooped upon the guerrillas at the horizon and blew off the mountain peak. It didn't really, and the job was done by Jimmy Rowe, our powder man, who blasted it up with dynamite. But it was exciting, nevertheless. That done, we trooped down and consumed twenty-two gallons of ice cream. Then more fighting, and the gunfire could be heard at Dardanelles, twelve miles away. The old-timers thought it was thunder.

August 3—This is the last time I'll keep a diary! It's a lot of work. But Akim is good for a daily item. He gets sunburned through his make-up, so he goes around in a sheet, with holes cut to look through. "Chief Kleagle," everyone calls him.

Another tank had to roll down to the creek and break into pieces. They'll be good for scrap. The explosions started brush fires, and all hands beat them out with wet sacks. Blackest crowd you ever saw—smoked up, and full of gas and powder fumes. We ran out of soap, and when a case of it came in tonight, everybody cheered, and went for a bath at the creek.

The crew is a bunch of "tough monkeys." They were all baseball players, prizefighters or sailors or dock wallopers once, and just eat up rough and dangerous work. What gets their goat is the wind, for it blows a hurricane, and it takes four men to hang on to a tarpaulin and shield off noise from the microphone. Try that atop a cliff!

August 4—Everybody has a secret ambition, it would seem. Cooper rode in from Sonora this morning, and he had spent half the night in a newspaper office, just watching the printers. He confided to me he would sooner be a small-town editor than anything else.

"You can be important in your community," he explained. "You can write what you darn please, almost. And if you get some county printing jobs, you can be sure of an income. You can be looked up to, as if you were a judge or a clergyman."

"And do you know how long that paper in Sonora has been running? Ever since the gold rush in 1850! It's older than any studio in Hollywood."

Cooper is serious about it, too. I didn't know he ever gave newspapering a thought. I told him that everybody thinks the other guy's job is pretty good, and then he owned up and said he guessed I was right.

August 5—We're close to a lot of history here. This is the Stanislaus National Forest, and the river flowing through it was named after an Indian chief baptized by the Spaniards under the name of Estanislao. In 1826 he was defeated right here by another tribe. In 1827 this region was explored by Jedediah Smith, the first white man to visit it. Fremont, in 1847, called this river the Stanislaus, and as such it figures in Bret Harte's tales.

Fifty miles away are the foothills, known as the Bret Harte and Mark Twain country. When Ingrid visited it last week, the citizens of Sonora, and the oldest Chinaman, Lum Yat, who is 87, gave her a Western welcome and dinner. Ingrid opened her valise to give Lum a signed photograph, but he beat her to it—giving her one already framed and signed. No charge, either!

Horace Greeley once rode along this precipice in a stage, and the driver sent the horses ahead on a gallop, frightening Horace almost to death. When he got home, weighing ten pounds less, he wrote an editorial denouncing that driver as the leading menace on the planet.

August 8—Bears are a nuisance. One of them crawled through the screen into Akim's shack, prowled around a few minutes then crashed out again. Akim paid no attention to it, thinking it was only a would-be robber, and went back to sleep. He said he didn't know what the robber could find there at night, when he himself

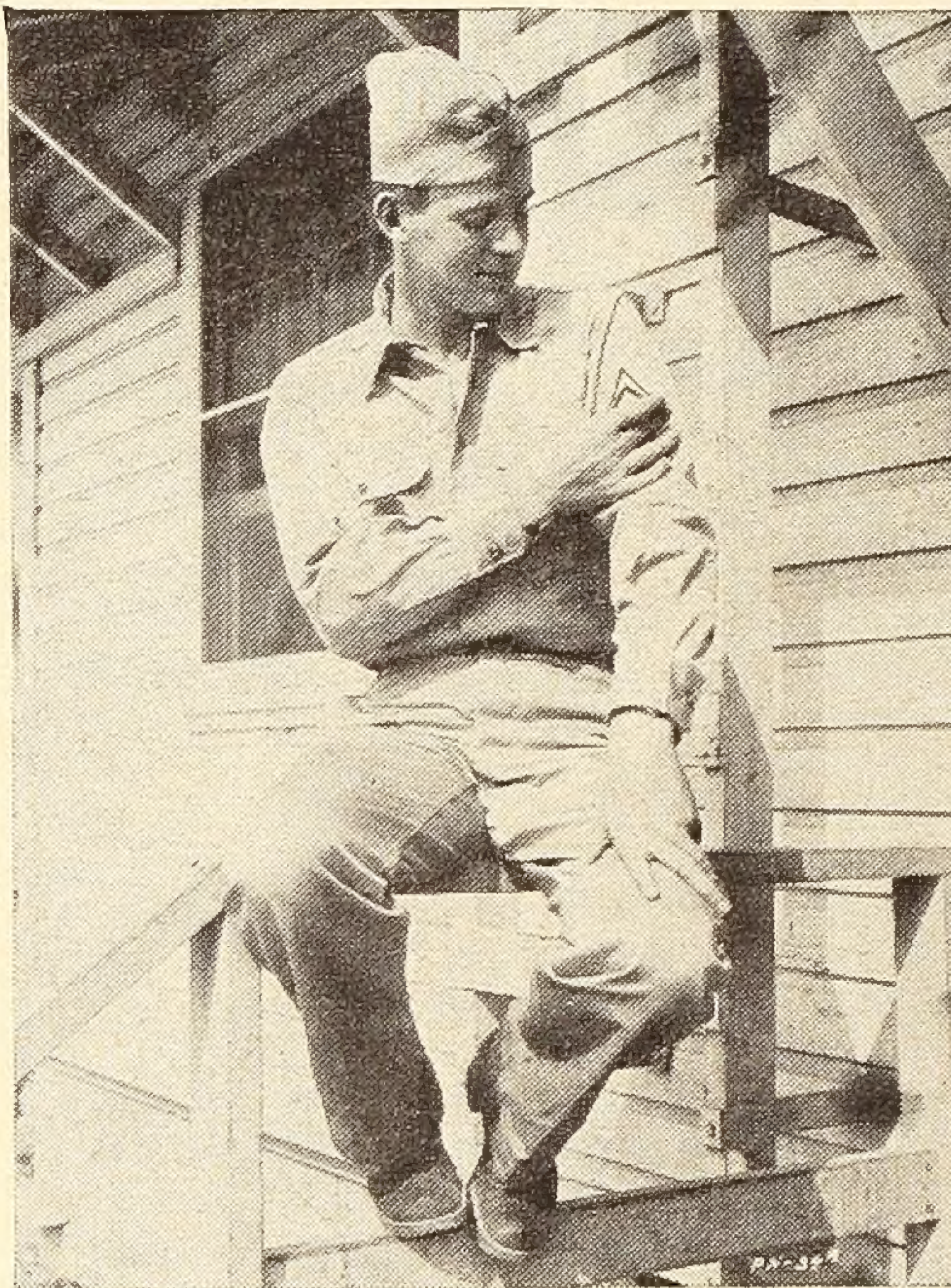
could find nothing of interest in it by day.

The bears like to raid the bread box where the rye bread is kept that we must eat in the cave scenes. The loaves are wrapped in wet cloths to soften a bit their granite hardness. Last night the watchman got mad, and hurled a loaf at a bear. Beamed, the critter galumphed off, yelping like mad, and seeing a lot of stars.

August 10—We said good-bye to Eric Feldary, who is to act with Lunt and Fontanne on Broadway. Then we shot a battle on a bridge over the Tuolumne canyon. It was higher than the Empire State Building, and made a huge racket when it was blown up. The cast had to jump fast.

It was a job to find this bridge, and this location. Menzies travelled some 8000 miles before he could find just the site we needed, and just the right hue for Technicolor.

August 12—The battle finished up today, using all the gunpowder we had left, a cupful. That was playing in luck. Funny incident tonight. Bill Nelson who owns these tourists shacks we have moved into can't abide the gypsy fortune-tellers that



Bill Terry was rewarded with a movie contract after playing the typical American soldier in "Private Smith of the U. S. A.," two-reeler in "This Is America" series.

roam through these hills now and then. He chases them off.

Going into the kitchen tonight he saw a blackened female with ear-hoops and a gun making a dicker with the chef. "Here's where I give her the bum's rush," he said to his wife. He tried to, and there were fireworks.

It was Paxinou, in the makeup of *Pilar*, trying to borrow some fixings from the chef to cook a fish dinner for Ingrid, Cooper and myself. And if Ingrid, hearing the argument, hadn't come in, Paxinou would have been tossed out.

August 14—Cloudbursts. Thunderstorms, and lightning on the big scale. The rainy season in the mountains has begun. Not an umbrella, a pair of overshoes or a slicker in the outfit. Mud pours down the slope in torrents. We lay doggo under tarpaulins. We crawled inside wagons and under them. We left the rye bread outside to soften a trifle.

Paramount has sent up two circus tents for an emergency stable, and we hope the animals won't mind us doubling up with them. I'm a little upset over Ingrid losing weight in climbing up and down peaks, so I make her eat a double portion of potatoes, spaghetti, hot biscuits and ice cream with chocolate sauce, to make up for it. Works like a charm, too. The creek has filled up again, and she swims in it. Her

coach in English makes her read aloud all the comic strips to get the jist of everyday talk. Ingrid can't see anything funny in the strips, but she is studious, and reads the words aloud at top voice.

Big scare today. The rumor went about that we'd be here for months and months to come, and the crew sadly began to stake out young Christmas trees to take home for the holidays—if they could get any holidays. Forest Service gave its okay, and the gang is saving up five-gallon cans to take the trees home in. I let it build a little while and then dispelled the rumor by telling everyone we'd all be back at the studio Labor Day.

September 1—This makes a blank space in my diary. Well, for two weeks we did nothing but work from morning until dusk. Ingrid is making a movie record of her doings in these hills. We all take turns cranking the camera on her. She must be the only star with a complete film record of her life, for her father, a Stockholm artist, began filming the lass when she was a day old, and kept it up until she came to this country.

First shot was of her reading "For Whom The Bell Tolls," the copy given her by Hemingway. He wrote in it, three years ago, "For Ingrid Bergman—the *Maria* of this story."

Her English is getting quite Native Son. For a course in slang she has been sitting in at the teamsters' poker game, which runs 'round the clock. She now knows what "raise the ante" and "sitting pretty" mean.

September 2—Great strike! Not gold, but an old tire dug out of a snow bank up the hills. There's no more rubber soling to be got at Sonora for our shoes, but the cobbler will cut up the tire and fix us up with some real rubber soles and heels.

Everybody is hoping that we'll be pulling for home Labor Day! Nobody is hoping harder than Paxinou, who will make a bee-line for the nearest manicure parlor. Her fingernails are long and broken and they just about drive her crazy. She wants to wash off her dark makeup, too. She says all she needs now to play *Othello* is a bigger pair of ear-rings.

We said good-bye to five actors who are gleefully setting home for Hollywood. They're "killed," so they mustn't be seen any more. Akim was the man who shot them with a tommy-gun in the battle of the bridge. Well, there's been a lot of coming and going, what with technical experts leaving for the Army, and substitutes coming up.

Do you know what's become of most of the actors who played with the Moscow Art Theatre on Broadway years ago? They're right here with us in the Sierra. Oldest alumnus of all is Vladimir Sokoloff who plays the guide *Anselmo*. Akim, Bulgakoff, Snegoff, Chaliapin, Jr., and others were all his colleagues.

The creek, which had been milky white hitherto, all of a sudden ran coffee-colored. So we have to trek to another background. We did a retake of a post-battle scene. A lot of us galloping on horses, and Paxinou first, riding hell-for-leather on a cayuse with shells bursting about her.

Half the cast are down with flu, but are recovering one by one. A nip in the air. Winter's coming. Another month, and the Pass will be as snowbound as the Caucasus where Akim comes from. "You let me stay here," he says, "and I'll be at home."

September 4—Ingrid gave a birthday party. Then we went to Kurzi's Camp for a Saturday night dance. I celebrated, too. I have been married 34 years.

"I've got a gift for everybody!" I said, standing on a chair. "We'll be home for Labor Day. Two more days, and we are packed up. Everybody had a good time in the Sierra?"

And everybody shouted: "You bet!"